RADIO MIRROR

June 1947 · 25 Cents

MILENA MILLER

IN PICTURES — Dr. Christian · Perry Mason · Edgar Bergen

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERS *New Improved* DRENE!

Now! The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair Shine like the Stars!

IDA LUPINO, glamorous Hollywood star, says: "It's simply wonderful the way new Drene brings out *all* the brilliance in my hair." Now . . . you, too, can have hair that shines like the stars.

For this amazing shampoo discovery brings out *all* the glorious brilliance . . . awakens *all* the natural highlights . . . reveals *all* the shimmering lustre that may now be hidden by dulling soap film. Yes! You can have hair that shines like the stars, tonight . . . if you take Ida Lupino's advice, and shampoo with new, improved Drene, today!

New Improved Drene doesn't dry-out hair! Leaves hair far easier to manage!

Actually preferred in tests by hundreds of women. New, improved Drene does not dry-out your hair. Instead, its fragrant, freshening whipped-cream lather leaves your hair seductively soft, sublimely smooth, far easier to set, curl and arrange right after shampooing.

You owe it to your hair to try this miracle shampoo. Ask for it today!

New, improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.

NEVER BEFORE DRENE COULD ANY SHAMPOO PERFORM ALL OF THESE MIRACLES:

Reveals All the Lustre in Your Hair • Leaves Hair far Easier to Manage

Does Not Dry-out Hair • Removes Unsightly Dandruff • Luxurious Instant Lather

For All Types of Hair • No Acid After-rinses Needed • Flower-fresh Fragrance

NEW IMPROVED *Drene* SHAMPOO

FOR ALL TYPES OF HAIR

Hold on, hon... your bath's not done until you Mum!

...you just washed away *past* perspiration— now guard your *future* freshness

True, glamour does *begin* in the tub. But, while your bath gives you a fresh lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard your *future* charm.

So, after you wash away *past* perspiration, *complete* your bath with Mum. That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. With Mum, you *stay* sweet, nice to be near, all day or evening.

Mum

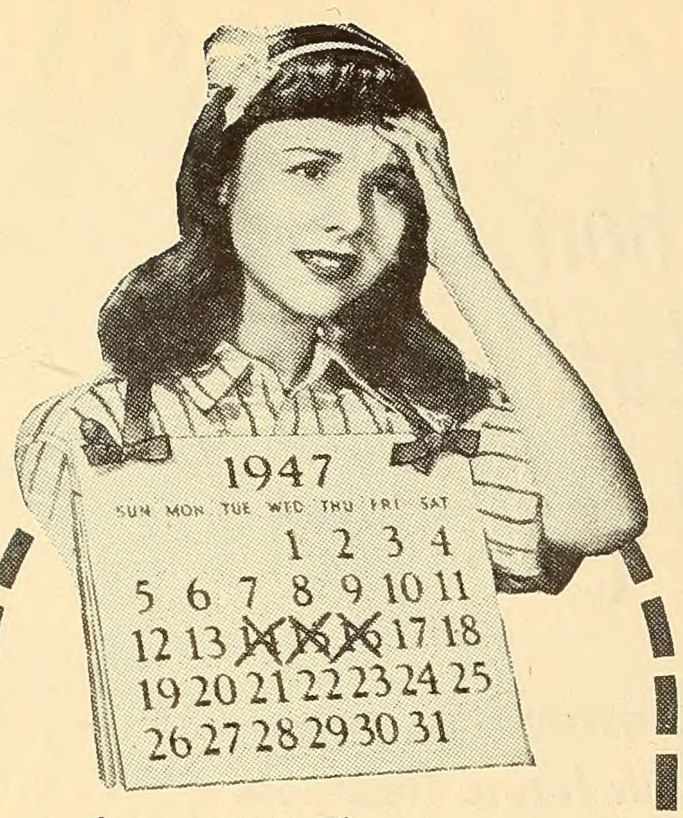
Product of Bristol-Myers

checks perspiration odor

1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. Safe for skin. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.

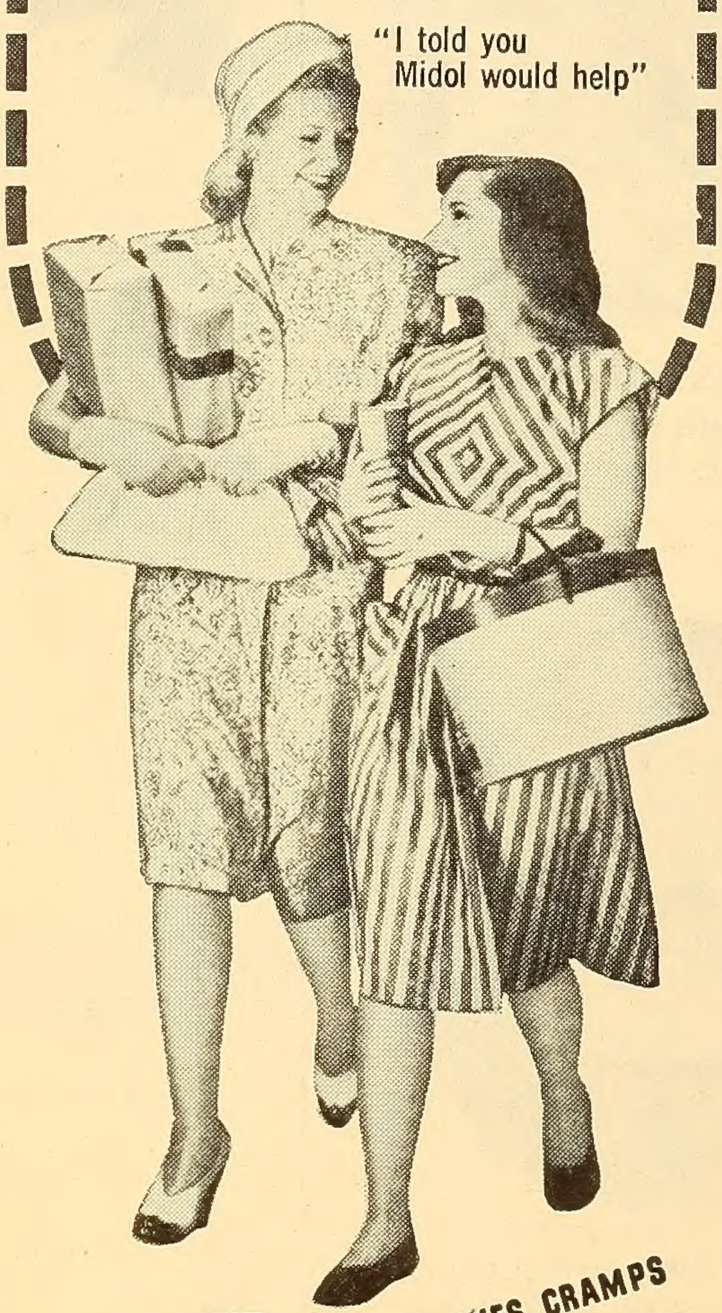
3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.



"LOST" DAYS
CAN BE
SAVED DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

June 1947

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Portrait of a Fussy Lady . . .

CAN you imagine what infectious dandruff could do to the health of your scalp and the looks of your lovely hair? Those ugly flakes! Those embarrassing scales! The germ colonies on the scalp!

Fastidious women recognize this constant threat and make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing. It's so simple, so easy, so delightful . . . a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand twice-a-day treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic whether or not you detect flakes and scales? You get the benefit of its cool, refreshing effect, and, if the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) is present, Listerine Antiseptic kills it by millions. Remember, the "bottle bacillus", in the opinion of many dermatologists, is a causative agent of this distressing infection.

No Fuss . . . No Bother

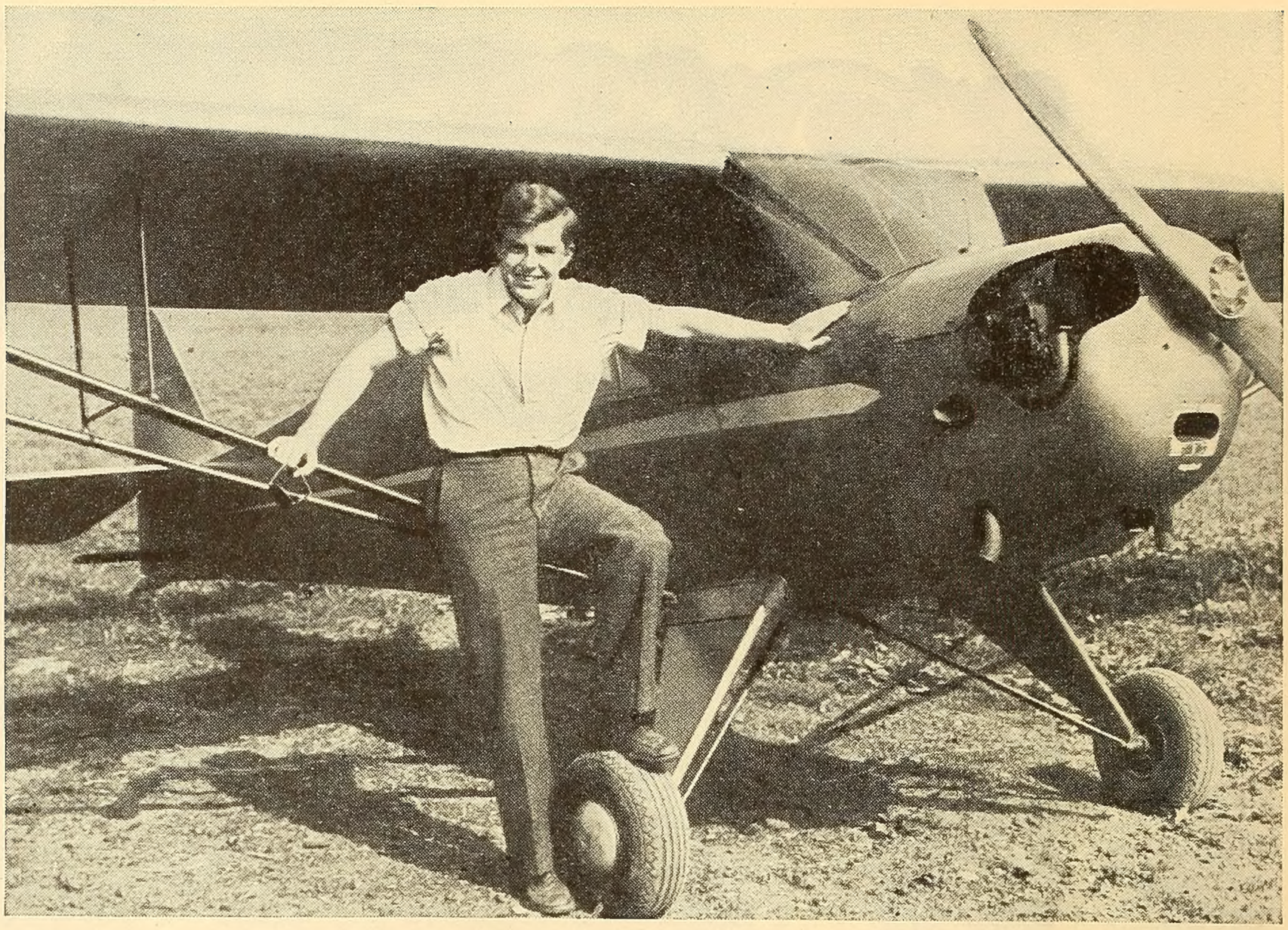
You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow with vigorous fingertip massage for several minutes. No fuss, no bother, no messy salves or lotions.

How gloriously cool and fresh your scalp feels! How fresh your hair looks! How quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear! In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. You know you've taken a precaution against infectious dandruff that can't be had with salves and lotions devoid of germ-killing power.

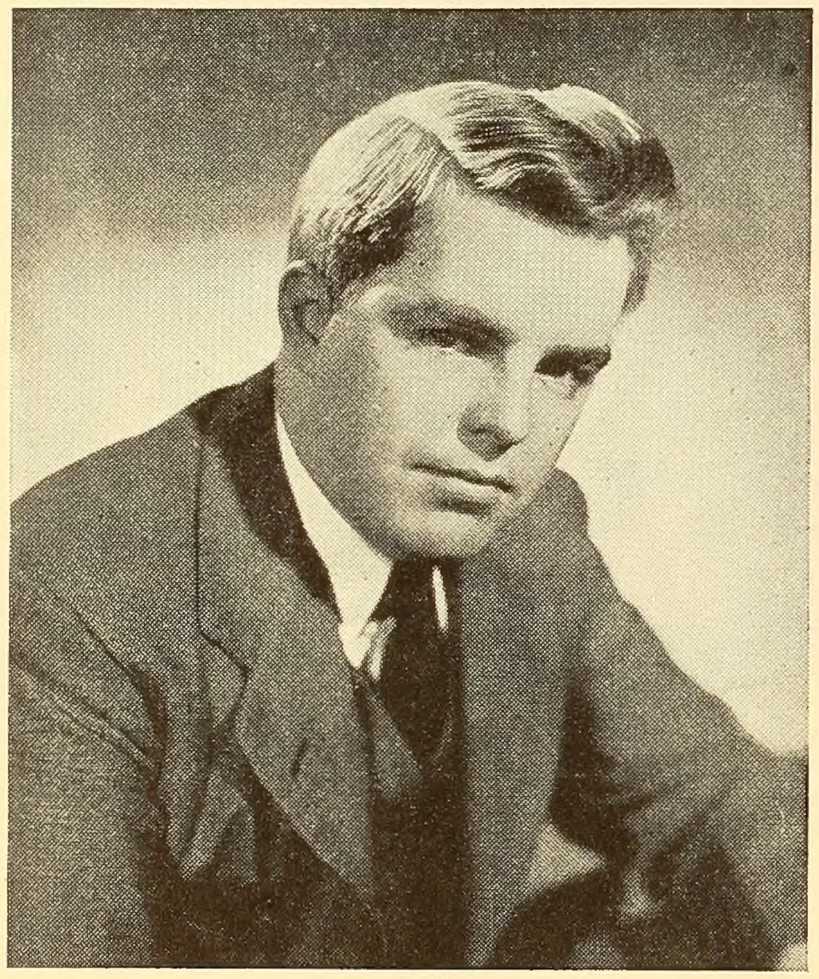
Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" with your family at hair-washing time. It is a delightful habit worth sticking to. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



When he's not on the air, he's in it. Here George Skinner poses, affectionately, with his wife's only rival.



THE MAN WITH THE *Friendly Voice*

WHEN George Skinner says "Good Morning," he's doing much more than reading what the Sunday Circle Arrow Show script says. He's expressing a genuine enjoyment and his listeners know it. For the major tenet of George's philosophy about radio is: "Listeners won't enjoy a program if the announcer doesn't enjoy it." And he adds as tenet number two: "Radio saves time. You talk to people as individuals—but all at once."

His genuine enjoyment of people probably steered him from the medical profession of his forebears into the fourth estate. Barely out of college, he took an important stand for freedom of the press. Fledgling reporter George refused to reveal to police authorities certain information about a newspaper account he had written. So he spent an evening in a new city jail.

Apparently the police relented, for George soon afterward investigated many cases at the request of the law enforcement agency. While still a reporter, he spoke into a microphone for the first time, and realized his precept about "talking to people as individuals." This philosophy made him a "natural" at special events broadcasting and interviews with men like Leon Henderson and Admiral Clark Howell Woodward.

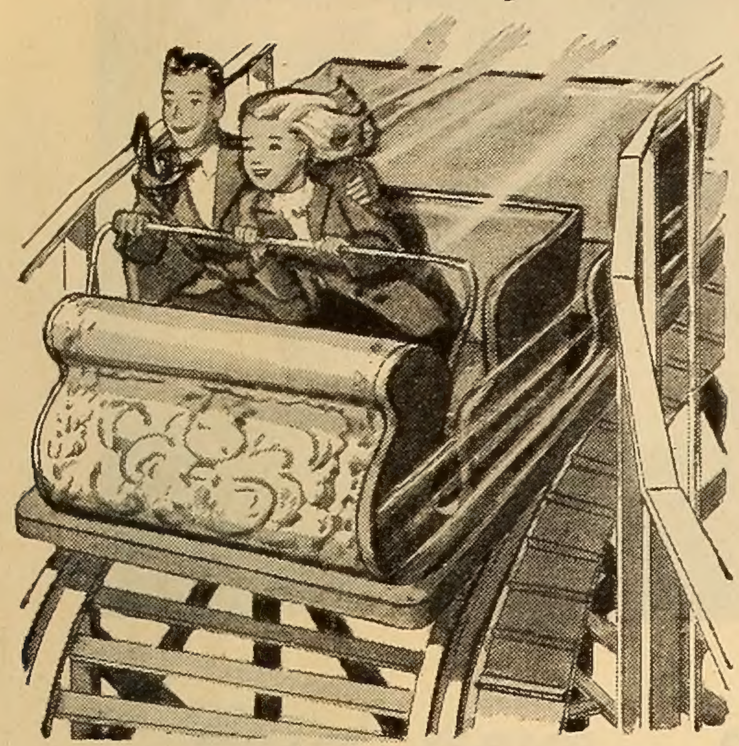
Then, the mike replaced the typewriter as a profession when George came to WLW in 1945. Behind him, in Wheeling, West Virginia, George left thousands of radio friends. One reason was his genuine informality projected over the air. Another was undoubtedly his one-man campaign which raised $10,000 for an injured schoolboy and won for George the Billboard magazine award for "humanitarian service" in 1942.

At WLW his schedule includes Crossroads Cafe, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 P. M., EDT.; and the Sunday Circle Arrow Show at 10:30 A. M., EDT.

Off-mike, George likes to fly or to tinker with automobiles, which, he says, are "my wife's only rivals." Songwriting is another interest, with several ballads and novelties now under way.

But George Skinner's prime interest is people, probably the reason millions of people like George Skinner.

Are you in the know?



Does this make sense on certain days?

- ☐ *No*
- ☐ *Yes*
- ☐ *Could be*

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, *but*—"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

For a too-broad nose, better—

- ☐ *Clamp a clothespin on it*
- ☐ *Eye-shadow the sides*
- ☐ *Widen your brows*

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)

Can Tiny Tess look taller if she—

- ☐ *Makes like a zebra*
- ☐ *Wears vertical lines*
- ☐ *Prefers peplums*

Tired of being "a cute trick"? Wee widgets who'd like to come up in the world should wear clothes that add height. Steer clear of peplums; long jackets. Stripes are smart, but shy away from the zebra type (shown here). Vertical lines make you look taller. Don't give a second thought to the "lines" that plague you on problem days. Choose Kotex . . . for those special *flat pressed* ends of Kotex *prevent* revealing outlines. You can fool the eye, with Kotex!

How would you refuse a date?

- ☐ *Brush him off*
- ☐ *Invent an excuse*
- ☐ *Say you'll be busy*

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed. Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going—*comfortably*—with Kotex, and the lasting softness Kotex gives you. It's softness that stays faithfully yours—for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So date away, in comfort!

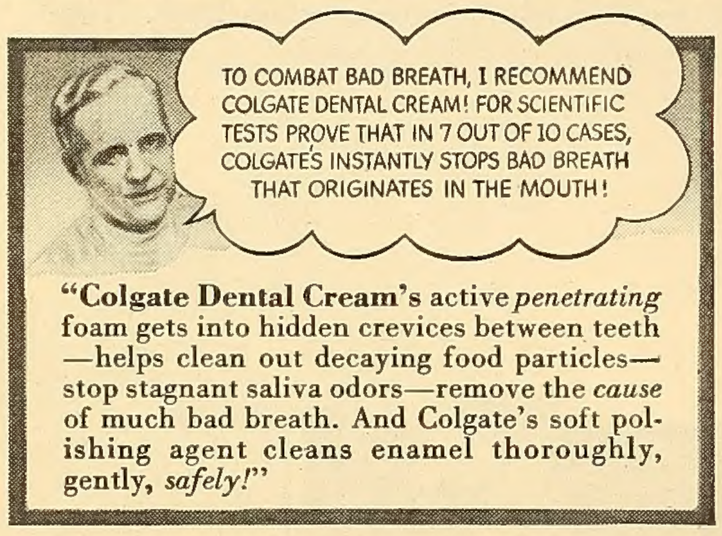
More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

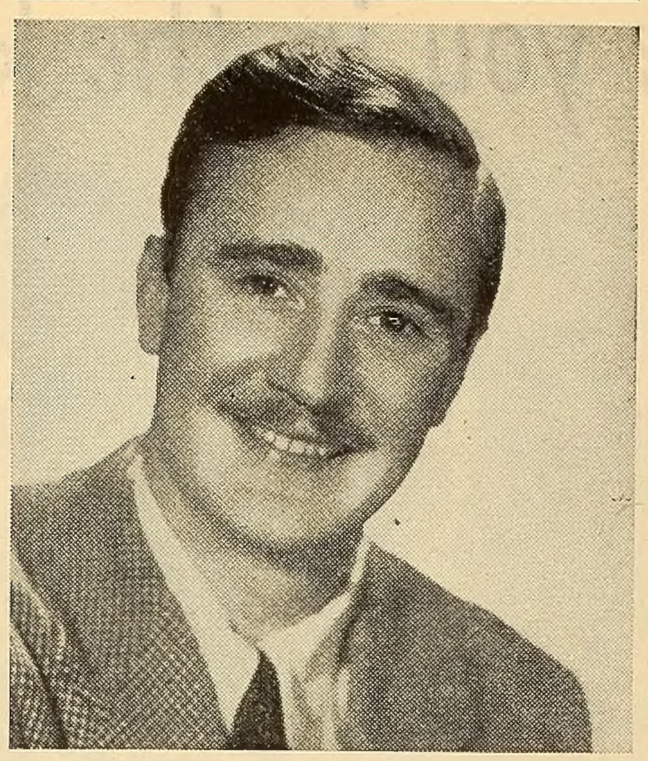
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

R
M

When a man marries, his troubles begin!



"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, *safely!*"



Court Benson

COURT BENSON, narrator of Tennessee Jed (ABC, Mondays through Fridays, 5:45 PM, EDT) and for ten years master of ceremonies of Canada's famous "Hockey Hot Stove League," sums up his career in four words—"Theater-born" and "Radio-bred."

Court spent the first year of his life in a theater which was managed by his father in Vancouver, Canada. He was literally "worldly wise," before he reached his 'teens, because his father's activities—first as an actor, later as a theater manager—took the Bensons back and forth across Canada, then to Hollywood, Australia, China, Japan and Europe.

And with all this theater in his system, Court decided to study Law! When it was time, he returned to Canada to attend the University of Toronto. In his spare time, he worked with the college dramatic group and, when he had more time, he joined the Hart House Theater company. It was there that an executive of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation heard him and invited him to act on CBC network programs. During the time he was going to the university, Court was heard regularly on twenty-two programs. What makes Court's story just a little different from the usual tale of folks who try other fields but find they can't resist the tide of their theatrical blood is that Court completed his schooling, in spite of all his extra-curricular activity. He finished the honor Law Course at the University and is today a member of the Ontario Bar. What's more, while attending Osgood Hall, he found time to publish the school's paper.

Between 1937 and 1942, when he went overseas with the Canadian infantry division, the 48th Highlanders, Court Benson became one of the Dominion's best known radio actors. He was the leading man on half a dozen shows and, since 1937, he has been master of ceremonies and announcer for the hockey broadcasts, which are to Canada what the baseball series are to the U.S.A.

On Christmas Day in 1939 Court met actress Grace Matthews; they were married the next year.

Overseas, Captain Benson fought through the Italian Campaign with the Highlanders. When the Canadian Army set up a broadcasting unit overseas, he was transferred to it and, later, worked with BBC in London. In the fall of 1945, he was recalled to Canada to serve as master of ceremonies for the final Victory Loan series.

Neither success, nor America, are entirely new to Benson's wife, Grace Matthews. Her training and experience are truly international. She was born in Canada, in Toronto, and her first acting was done with the famous little theater there, Hart House. Among her colleagues there were Judith Evelyn, David Manners and Florence McGee. After this taste of theater, Grace went to London for two years of study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, where she studied under the guidance of people like Charles Laughton, Sara Algood and Sir Kenneth Barnes.

In 1935, Grace returned to Canada and put in a couple of seasons in stock. She also tried her voice on radio and made a go of it. But the theater was her first love and in 1936 she came to New York to try her luck. She appeared in the Theatre Guild's production of "Dame Nature" and also understudied leading lady Jessie Royce Landis. This engagement was followed by more stock work, this time in the United States in places like Marblehead, Mass. and Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Her last job—in Saratoga Springs—ended the day the war broke out—September 3, 1939. Grace returned to Canada.

During the war years, Grace devoted her talents exclusively to Canadian radio, appearing in most of the big time serials.

After the war, the Bensons—Grace and Court—decided New York was the place for them. Two weeks after they arrived in the Big City, they were both working on a CBS show, The American Portrait. A short time later, Court got the Tennessee Jed assignment, as well as roles on half a dozen shows.

But Canada won't relinquish Court entirely. The Good Neighbor policy doesn't extend as far as letting him give up his m. c. chores on the Hot Stove League sessions. Every week-end, Court commutes 500 miles across the border to continue his job on Canada's broadcasting of the hockey games.

Grace approaches her housewifely duties with the same quiet enthusiasm with which she plays her dramatic roles. Grace also does her own shopping and cooking, in spite of her heavy radio schedule. She's Margo, on The Shadow, MBS Sundays at 5, and CBS's Big Sister, weekdays at 1 P.M.

Carol Ames

LOVELY Carol Ames, the famed network blues singer, is justifiably proud of the fact that at the tender age of nine she was doing a commercial show over Philadelphia's WPEN, for ten dollars a week. This lucrative situation was the result of a guest appearance on a kiddie show.

Carol, in seventh heaven at this wondrous turn of events that made it possible for her to be on the radio, did full justice to her program for about eight months. Then, coming down to earth, she realized that she must give it up, as it interfered with her schooling.

When Carol was fourteen, her two older brothers joined with her to form the singing trio of "Two Jacks and a Queen." Theater dates, club dates, and various radio station spots followed one another in satisfying frequency.

Then, as often happens, the trio decided to break up, and soon Carol was feature vocalist with the house band at Station WIP. The enthusiastic responses to her singing soon resulted in her being offered a spot with Jan Savitt's house orchestra at NBC's Philadelphia outlet, KYW. Here Carol really came into her own. For five years she did five network shows a week. In addition, Carol sang in the best supper clubs, and did Philadelphia and New York theater dates.

Then, in 1944, Carol decided to try her luck in New York, and soon was being heard over CBS in nine or ten network shows a week. She appeared as soloist on Sing Along; the Eddie Garr Show; It's Maritime; Casey the Crime Photographer, and did more theater and club dates in the New York area. She also appeared with Bing Crosby, Dinah Shore, Eddie Cantor and other topnotch performers in the recorded versions of "Sing Along" that were sent to our forces overseas. Her fan mail came from all parts of the world.

For the past several months Carol has been busily working out a new program, Going Nowhere. This novel show, produced and directed by CBS's famed m.c., Bill (Winner Take All) Cullen, will feature Carol's distinctive vocalizing and Bill Cullen kidding many things in radio and outside of radio. "Going Nowhere," as Carol herself puts it, "is a gimmick-less show, which in itself is really something. And we hope it'll be going places."

Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

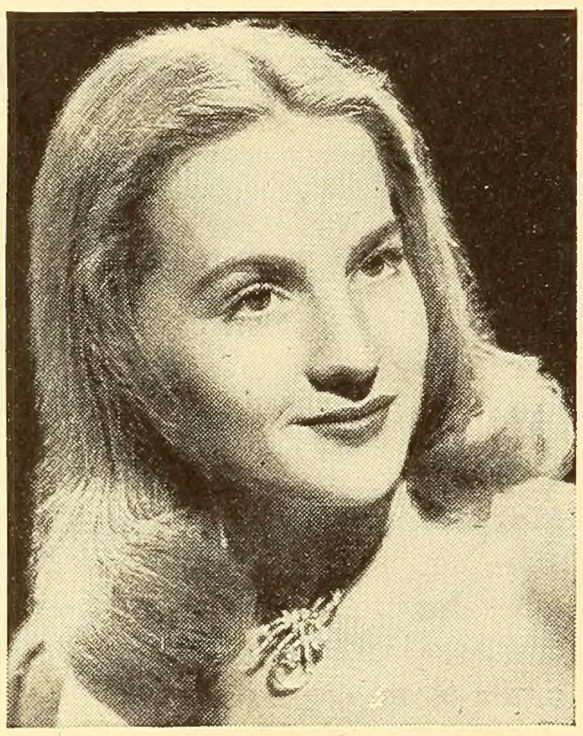
Full 24 hour protection with Odorono Cream

Burnt hands led Percy Faith away from the piano to a larger career in conducting-arranging. His is the Contented Hour orchestra, Sundays on NBC.

Facing

By KEN ALDEN

Perfectionists, the King Cole Trio say "We're never satisfied." But record buyers and NBC listeners are!



Dennis Day's love songs are sung, understandably enough, to lovely Sharon Douglas (Wed. at 8, NBC).

THIS is the story of a talented musician who had faith in himself. His name, by sheer coincidence, is Percy Faith, and if you have a radio, you know him for the lush, lilting style he has given NBC's Contented Hour for the last seven years.

Had the lean, handsome Canadian-born conductor-composer-arranger succumbed to an offer to make quick money when he needed it badly, he might not have acquired the prestige and popularity he now enjoys.

Percy told me about it as we dined before his Monday night air show in a quiet west side chop house, La Cava, which has a loyal following of men of music who like to avoid noisy taverns.

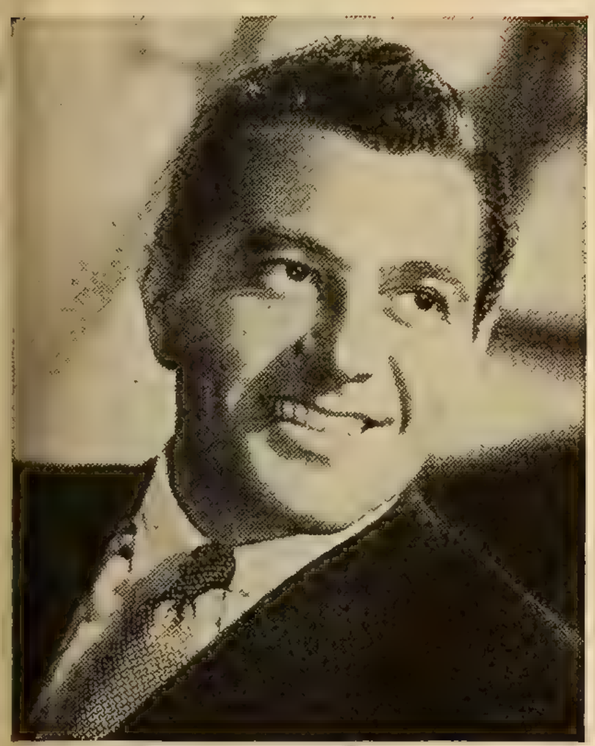
"I was doing moderately well as staff conductor on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network back in 1940," he said. "The programs were piped to the States via the Mutual System. Each week my wife and I hoped that we would attract enough attention to get a good offer from some sponsor across the border."

The offer came but not the way Percy quite expected it. He was summoned by telegram to discuss a sponsored deal with a New York station executive.

"I got down to New York as fast as I could. Mary, that's my wife, was already planning where we would live in New York and how our two kids would like living in another country."

the Music

Two brands of song-style, each with its own following: Jimmy Durante guests on Dinah Shore's show (Wed. at 9:30, CBS).



The Tony Martin Show, on CBS stations at 9:30 Sunday nights, has blonde Evelyn Knight as Tony's singing partner, music by Victor Young, and guest stars.

It's the girl in the middle at whom the finger points—blonde Patti Andrews of the Andrews trio is pondering matrimony, soon.

The offer was a legitimate one but would have distorted the style Faith had developed.

"Percy," said the radio station agent, "this is a good deal but you can't use so many musicians in the orchestra."

Faith explained to the agent that the richness of his style would be diluted with a smaller personnel, that his careful arrangements would be watered down.

The agent, amazed to find resistance from the Canadian, hammered away that opportunities to come to the United States and get a sponsored show don't come every day.

"I don't care if I never get the chance if I can't do it the way I know is best for me," Percy replied.

Faith returned to Toronto, his dream of big time radio shattered.

Several months elapsed with no further bids from Broadway. Then came a special jazz concert in Toronto featuring the Faith orchestra and guest soloist, Oscar Levant. It was a big success and Percy and Oscar decided to celebrate.

"And what a celebration that was! I got home with the milkman, left a hurried note for my wife that I wasn't to be disturbed under any circumstances till next afternoon."

At nine A.M. sharp, the telephone jangled. Long distance, New York. The Faith maid figured it important (*Continued on page* 106)

A MAN'S EYE VIEW OF A GIRL'S HAIR

How does your hair appear from a man's eye view? Is it dull and drab-looking? . . . or does it gleam with . . .

RICHER COLOR

Men go for hair that glows with rich, warm color. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this beauty-lure—PLUS . . .

SPARKLING HIGHLIGHTS

Yes, Nestle Colorinse rinses glamorous highlights into your hair . . . leaves it softer, silkier — easier to comb, easier to manage. And gives it . . .

LUSTROUS SHEEN

You'll be thrilled with the beautiful sheen that Nestle Colorinse gives your hair. Try Colorinse today, watch it reveal the hidden loveliness in your own hair.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

GET NESTLE COLORINSE TODAY!
In 9 colors to glorify every shade of hair.
10c and 25c at beauty counters everywhere.

New Records

RECOMMENDED By KEN ALDEN

HARRY JAMES:
Betty Grable's favorite trumpeter has himself a time with "Keb-Lah" and "You'll Never Know." (Columbia)

LOUIS PRIMA:
Dialect comedy with "Baciagaloop" merged with an oldie, "Just A Gigolo." (Majestic)

MONICA LEWIS:
A shining singing star of the future does things to "We Could Make Such Beautiful Music" and "I'm Gonna Be a Bad Girl." (Signature)

JEAN SABLON:
A new re-issue of the famous Frenchman's ballad "J'Attendrai" and the saucy "Le Fiacre." (Victor)

JANE HARVEY:
New West Coast chirper has a winning twosome, "Foggy River" and "My Number One Dream" The Page Cavanaugh Trio helps out considerably. (Victor)

COUNT BASIE:
Rugged rug cutting stuff with "Free Eats" and "Bill's Mill." (Victor)

LARRY DOUGLAS:
A new baritone shows his wares with two seasoned favorites, "The Girl That I Marry" and "Anniversary Song." (Signature)

PEGGY LEE:
This fine stylist tries a spiritual, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and has a new ballad on the other side, "Speaking Of Angels." All fine. (Capitol)

BENNY GOODMAN:
Makes his debut on the Capitol label with a smash hit version of "It Takes Time" and "Moon Faced, Starry Eyed," with considerable vocal assistance from Mr. Johnny Mercer. (Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA:
Second rate Sinatra but still o.k. as he sings "Want To Thank Your Folks" and the novelty, "Why Shouldn't It Happen To Us?" (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE:
More muscle singing, all quite satisfactory, with two clicks, "We Knew It All The Time" and "As You Desire Me." (Victor)

STAN KENTON:
One of the nation's top jump bands really gives out with a two-side rendition of the fast-paced "Concerto To End All Concertos." (Capitol)

FREDDY MARTIN:
Slick treatment of Kurt Weill's newest, "What Good Would the Moon Be?" and "Moon Faced." A top disc click. (Victor)

CHRISTOPHER LYNCH:
Firestone's clear-voiced Irish tenor sings two timeless songs of Erin, "Macushla," and "Mother Machree." (Victor)

CLAUDE THORNHILL:
Always tops on wax is this fine band. Hear them play the moody "Far Away Island" and "Why Did I Have To Fall In Love With You." (Columbia)

FRANKIE CARLE:
More piano magic with daughter Marjorie to do the vocals on "Roses in the Rain" and "You Are There." (Columbia)

"Lux Girls are Daintier!"

"A Lux Soap Beauty Bath makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

BARBARA STANWYCK
star of Enterprise Studios'
"THE OTHER LOVE"

A product of Lever Brothers Company

"There's thrill in skin that's fragrantly smooth and soft," says lovely Barbara Stanwyck. "You'll love the delicate, clinging perfume a Lux Soap beauty bath leaves on your skin. It's foolish to take chances—daintiness is the most important charm of all. Lux Soap's Active lather makes you *sure*—leaves skin fresh and sweet."

Use this fine white beauty soap as a daily bath soap, too. You'll agree—Lux Girls are daintier!

YOU thrill when he whispers "You're sweet!" There's appeal in skin that's fragrant with Lux Toilet Soap's delicate perfume.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Father's Day Portrait—Arthur (Dagwood Bumstead) Lake accepts from his son the respect and homage befitting the occasion.

What's New FROM

Charita Bauer is Sarah, sister of Rose, in Rose of My Dreams, daily on CBS.

Florence Williams possesses a voice you hear 'round the clock in many network roles.

BY DALE BANKS

WE'RE beginning to feel sorry for Bessie Mack, a very patient lady indeed. Bessie handles all the auditions for the Talent Scout show on CBS. She screens all candidates for Arthur Godfrey, conducts final auditions and listens to dozens of recordings every day. Since the program started last July, Bessie's had to go through almost 100,000 application letters from every state in the U. S., and from Canada, Mexico, South America and Puerto Rico. And, if you think that's a cinch, try going through a hundred letters sometime and making sense out of any after the first twenty-five.

* * *

Those plugs for a soft drink on the Crosby and Hope shows aren't just give-away advertising. Both lads have invested heavily in the company and are rooting for the stuff every chance they get.

* * *

Patti Clayton, honey-voiced singer, was singled out by Russell Janney, the author of the best selling novel, "The Miracle of the Bells," to cut a demonstration record of a new ballad, titled after the book. The recording has been shipped to Hollywood, where the screen adaptation of the novel is in production. There's a good chance that you'll be hearing Patti singing the song, when the picture is released.

* * *

Tommy Cook, who plays a juvenile lead on The Life of Riley, is making a bid for the United States Olympic Team, as of this writing. Tommy has won several West Coast Junior Division Championships.

* * *

We hear that Jimmie Brown has completed a musical score based on the private lives of daytime radio actors. It's a satire entitled, "John's Other Life," and we hear the singer went to town. We're fixing it so we can have a private hearing.

* * *

One of the nicest ideas we've heard of in a long time comes from Jean Tighe, lovely gal singer on Mutual. And, if you've ever tried to raise money

Casey, Crime Photographer (Staats Cotsworth) gets some other radio detectives to pose for him—left to right, Nick Carter (Lon Clark), Jeffrey Barnes (Bernard Lenrow) and Pat Abbott (Les Tremayne).

COAST TO COAST

The men behind CBS's now-famous Eagle's Brood: Robert Shayon, Joseph Cotten, and Luther Adler.

for a worthy cause, you'll like it, too. Jean is organizing an entertainment bureau to give free entertainment for charity organizations.

* * *

Everything comes to him who waits. Four years ago, just out of college and uncertain about where to turn, Jack Barry took a Civil Service examination for the position of process server. He was put on the list and told the government would get in touch with him. Since food bills wouldn't wait, Barry shopped around for other work and wound up as an announcer on a small Trenton, N. J., station. Last year, he thought up the idea for Juvenile Jury.

A couple of weeks ago, Barry was accepted by the Civil Service Commission for the position of process server, at $1260 per year. That's just a few dollars short of what Jack makes in one week.

* * *

Did you know that radio tenor Jack Smith was once an instructor at the New York School of Aircraft Instruments? He still visits the school once a month to lecture the classes. After the lecture is over, Jack invariably stages a little show.

* * *

The sports boys are going to wind up taking over the air. First Leo Durocher. Then Hank Greenberg becoming a sportscaster. Now, rumor has it that Bob Feller—he of the mighty right arm—is interested in broadcasting from the dugout.

* * *

Want a health tip? During the war, Hildegarde started drinking carrot juice, because she'd read about the high vitamin content of it. That was two years ago, but ever since that time, the charm-lady of radio has been taking a tall glass of carrot juice before every broadcast. She says that quite aside from the benefits she's supposed to get from it, she likes the taste of the stuff and that it beats anything else for quenching her thirst and clearing her throat of the pre-on-the-air-signal hoarseness. (*Continued on page* 87)

Good will citation: from Consul-General Martinez-Lacayo of Nicaragua to Guy Lombardo. For? Managua!

David and Chuck Evans take over the turntable so that their father, Bill Evans, WGN's Record Reveille man, can listen from his easy chair.

Record Reveille

BILL EVANS is one man who tells the women what to wear—and not only gets away with it, but in the process has built his Record Reveille show over WGN, Chicago, into the city's most popular "get-up" program.

On the show each morning from 7 to 8 A.M., Evans provides the between-record chatter, talking about the music, the time and temperature, and advising his women listeners whether to carry an umbrella, wear boots, and whether they'd best forego the new hat in favor of head covering less likely to blow off.

Bill knows his listeners follow his advice. One day he and the weatherman predicted sunny skies. It rained. Bill received 327 letters dripping with indignation.

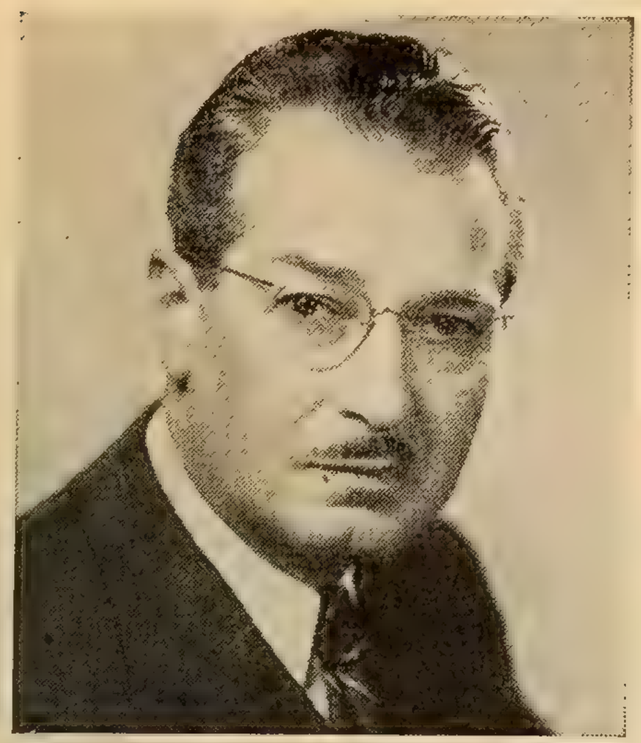
Bill's start in the radio business came after his start in numerous other professions—porter, waiter, actor, musician, roving apprentice printer, and lumber mill worker—and he proudly carries union cards for these many professions along with the one he prizes most highly: his membership in the International Itinerant Migratory Workers Union — Hoboes of America.

Because he cultivated an uncontrollable fear of grammar, Bill left home for a roving tour of the nation at his many jobs, before he became a high school student. In fact, he was over twenty when he decided he really needed an education. Then he went at it so whole-heartedly that after finishing the University of Wisconsin he became an instructor there in radio writing.

Bill is one of the few disc jockeys who isn't enthusiastic about jazz records. "No one wants red-hot music at 7 A.M., anyway," he concludes. "Nor too romantic melodies, either."

Bill has the aid of his two sons, David, 8, and Chuck, 9, in selecting music for his programs. The boys are adept at running the turntable in the Evans' suburban Park Ridge home and have some unique ways of announcing the numbers.

In his years of getting to the studio before 7 A.M., Bill has been late only twice—once when one of his boys thought it was Sunday, and turned off the alarm before it woke his Dad, and again last fall when a railroad wreck halted his train several miles from the Loop. Bill arrived only five minutes late—a tribute to his experience as a hitch-hiker.



Gayne Whitman

THOSE smooth, persuasive tones you hear every Monday night on the famous Cavalcade of America air-show (NBC, Mondays at 8 P.M. EDT) are the property of Gayne Whitman, who can read a commercial so that it sounds like a verse from Omar Khayyam. Whitman, a tall, distinguished gentleman who resembles a successful bank president (sans ulcers) is one of the most sought-after announcers in radio—and with reason.

Whitman has an enviable record of experience in radio, having entered that infant industry back in the old crystal-set days. He was also a pioneer in the movies, before they had found their voice. A Chicago native, Gayne Whitman grew up big, handsome and stagestruck. He came to New York and was on his way to becoming a ranking matinee idol when he learned about the shaky new industry then referred to as "the flickers." Most actors were unwilling to work in the new field, considering it fly-by-night. But Whitman, an adventurous soul, was fascinated by the possibilities of movie-making. He packed his bags, ditched a promising stage career, and headed for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where many of the early-vintage horse operas were being made.

From then until now, Whitman has been commuting between the movies and radio, as actor, writer, narrator, and finally, radio announcer.

Whitman came to Cavalcade of America five years ago, having been selected for the announcing job from the whole field of America's announcers. When the Cavalcade troupe came East recently to do several broadcasts from New York, Whitman came along. It was the first time he had been East in thirty-four years, and the Big Town was bewilderingly unfamiliar. At the first Cavalcade rehearsal in Radio City Whitman, who is customarily early to appointments, showed up ten minutes late. He'd gotten mixed up with one of the guided tours of Radio City and got lost looking for the studio.

Now a loyal Californian, Whitman lives quietly with his wife and two daughters in a Los Angeles suburb where he advises he has only just begun to recover from the hectic pace of modern New York. He hopes eventually to catch up on the sleep he lost while he was in the East—but it will take a long time.

Formula for Romance

One drop for your beauty
Two drops for a beau
Three drops for a romance
It's Frolic, you know!

Perfume, $7.50, 4.50; debutante size, 1.25
Toilet Water, $2.00, 1.25
Dusting Powder, $1.00; Talcum Powder, 50¢
Prices plus tax

Frolic

by CHERAMY
perfumer

frolic perfume
CHERAMY
NEW YORK
COMP'D IN U.S.

Homer Martz (standing) introduces a group of experts to the Farm Hour.

"Field Work" really means just that to the KDKA Farm Service Director.

FARMER'S *Farmer*

ANOTHER milestone is being marked at KDKA this month as its world-famous Farm Service programs observe their twenty-sixth anniversary. The pioneer broadcasting station of the world meets this important occasion with an ever-increasing program of benefit to its agricultural listeners under the supervision of Homer Martz, KDKA Farm Director, who came to the station on September 16, 1942, from Erie County where he was assistant farm agent.

Homer Martz is a big fellow, six feet one inch in height, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born on April 4, 1912, in Westmoreland County. After graduating from Greensburg High School he operated a 160 acre farm owned by his family. He graduated from Penn State College in 1933 and completed his Master's work in 1938.

He is married and lives with his wife and three-year-old adopted daughter in a suburb of Pittsburgh. A work schedule which gets him up at four A.M. and to bed at seven P.M. leaves him no time to do any farming for himself—he is much too busy telling other people how to do it. Nor has he any time for the usual social activities. He loves to hunt and fish, but can't remember the last time he had a chance to. If there is a barbecue and square dance held in connection with one of the farmers' meetings he is constantly attending, that will be Homer Martz out there cutting a pigeon's wing, for he has a great fondness for country dancing, even though he is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church.

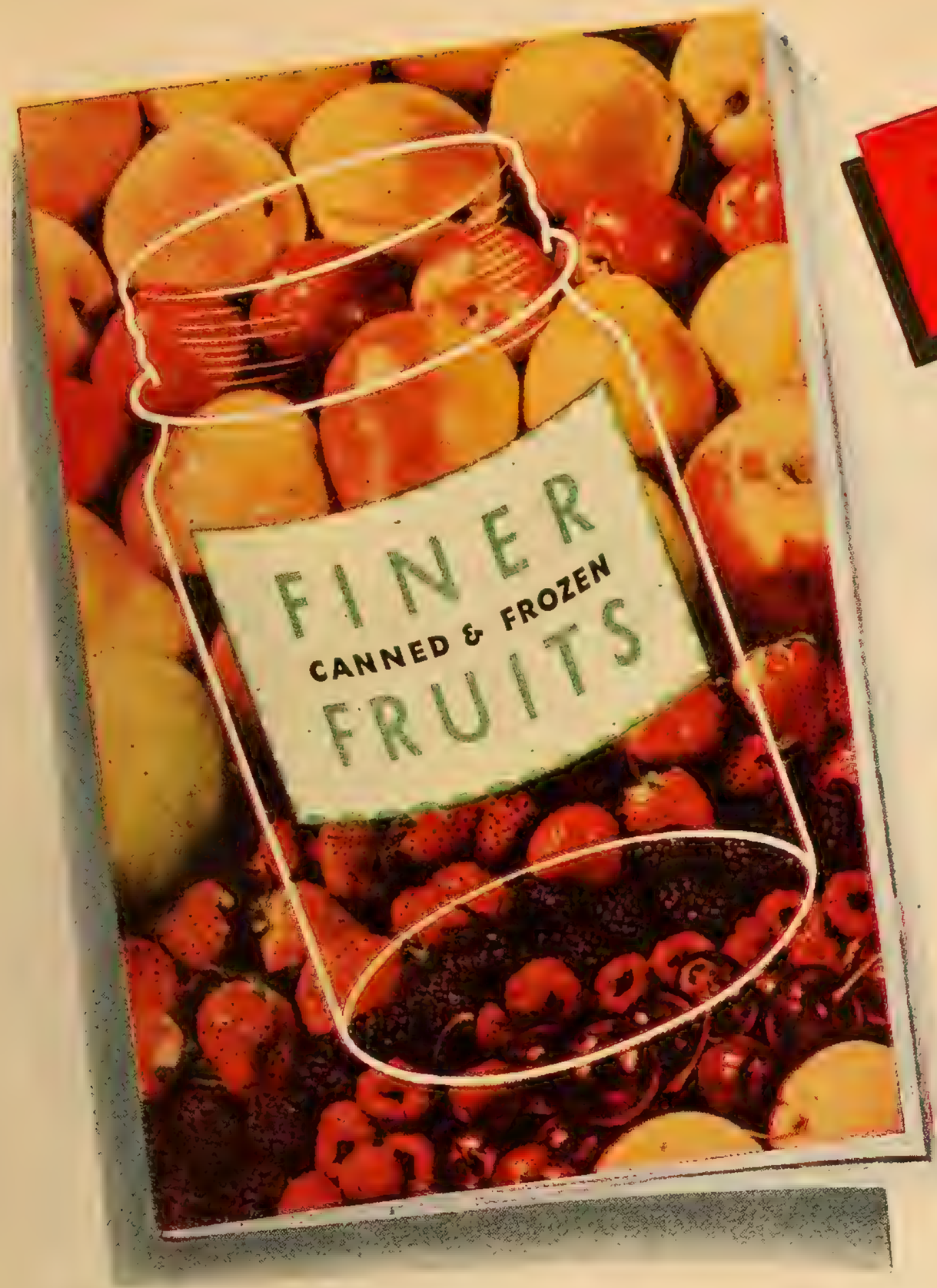
He publishes a special KDKA farm bulletin, and mails a weekly schedule of the KDKA farm activities to the entire tri-State district.

His job as KDKA's Agricultural Director is to keep the farm programs currently adapted to the needs and desires of the farm population throughout KDKA's service area. It is therefore an important part of his job to keep in constant touch with farm leaders and organizations throughout the entire area and to put the ideas and suggestions thus obtained into practical effect in the production of our farm programs.

Congratulations to Carl Logan, a 4-H Club prize winner.

As a speaker Martz appears before all types of farm, garden, and civic organizations in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

Since it is not always possible for farmers to travel to Pittsburgh, Martz makes trips into the field with recording equipment and engineering assistance to conduct interviews at the grass roots, so to speak. Programs from farmers in more than fifty counties in the Tri-State area have been secured as a result of such trips. Some of the programs are made at special farmers' meetings in which agricultural experts from State and Federal agricultural agencies and from various colleges participate.



FREE!

A New Book

. . . tells you how to get wonderful canned or frozen fruit...new directions...simple as 1-2-3. With KARO* Syrup you make *blended* syrups for canning and freezing. Use them for *any* fruit! Easy recipes tell you exactly how. And results are wonderful! Fruits fairly sparkle! Their color is bright. Their texture is firm. And they have that delicious *natural* flavor you've always longed for.

FINER FLAVOR!

FIRMER TEXTURE!

BRIGHTER COLOR!

SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW!
TELLS ALL ABOUT JELLIES, PICKLES AND PRESERVES, TOO!

KARO SYRUP
Madison Square Station, P. O. Box 382
New York 10, N. Y.

Send my new, free, 32 page copy of "Finer Canned & Frozen Fruits" (Please print or write very plainly.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

WHETHER you've had years of experience or never put up fruit in your life, this is *your book*. KARO, blended with sugar and water, should give you canned or frozen fruit to thrill your family.

Clip this coupon or use a post card. But do it *now!*

Then plan your canning or freezing with the help of this book. Tells how to choose and prepare fruit . . . talks about jars and containers . . . gives proportion for large and small quantities.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.

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Hollywood's New and Different Lipstick

Clear Red · *Blue Red* · *Rose Red*

In a modern-design metal case... $1.00

New... because the original formula does not dry the lips

New... because it is oh, so s-m-o-o-t-h

New... because the color stays on until you take it off

And different, too... because you can now have *three* shades correct for your own type of coloring... Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Three exclusive new lipstick reds for thrilling glamour changes to harmonize with your costume, to match your mood. Select from the chart the shades recommended for *your* type. Then for new loveliness and glamour try the new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick.

THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE

correct for your coloring . . . correct for your costume

BLONDES	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

Color Harmony Make-Up...
"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER
ROUGE • LIPSTICK

Max Factor • Hollywood

Radio GOES TO SCHOOL

REMEMBER Mark Twain's complaint regarding the weather—that everyone talks about it, but nobody does anything about it? Radio has been in much the same fix. Everyone does a lot of talking, largely critical talking. But on the constructive side, nothing much happens.

Or, rather, nothing did until Gretta Baker of New York's Town Hall decided that radio listeners would like, and ought to have, a course in radio *listening!*

With the permission and assistance of the educational director of Town Hall, Gretta Baker set up her school, which is now in its second semester. The purpose of the course is not only to inform listeners about radio and how it works, but also to make them aware of their responsibility for what is heard on the air.

Yes, that's true—what is heard on the air is heard because we people listening want to hear it, or because, if we don't want to hear it, we are either too apathetic to do anything, or don't know how to go about registering the protests. How to listen and evaluate, how to influence the broadcasters—these are the aims of Town Hall's radio course.

Here's how it works. Complete half-hour programs from the networks are brought to the school to present off-the-air demonstrations of that particular program—like the Bob Hawk Show, Twenty Questions, Juvenile Jury, and many others. In addition, guest speakers are invited to discuss various phases of radio—speakers like Milo Boulton of We, The People on audience-participation shows, Charles Collingwood of CBS on news coverage, and House Jameson of the Aldrich Family on radio acting. Each week, a listeners' committee is appointed from among the members of the class to make a careful study of the program scheduled for discussion the following week. The committee reports to the class, and after the speaker is heard a general discussion and question period follows.

There is also a letter-writing project in conjunction with classes—so that the school can put into practice what it preaches. Each class member is responsible for sending at least one letter each week expressing his approval or criticism of a program. These letters are read in class, and the point of view discussed.

Town Hall is, of course, in New York. Perhaps you're wondering how a class, so far away, could make you a better radio listener. It's easy—get together a class of your own, in your home town. A club, PTA, lodge, or school or college class could easily sponsor such a course. Speakers and demonstration programs can be recruited from your local radio station. Studies of network programs can be made and reported on to the class as well, and of course the letter-writing project can be easily carried out. If such a plan were to be adopted by organizations throughout the country—then, at last, listeners themselves, who are the people who really count, would be able to have a voice in what they want or don't want to hear on the air!

The Editors

I TOOK A

By
EDNA
WETZEL

Edna's on her way into the land of glamor in a limousine sleek, luxurious, completely at her disposal for the day.

The story of "Atlantis," as Edna hears it from Dennis O'Keefe and Milada Mladova, is as exciting as her visit to its set.

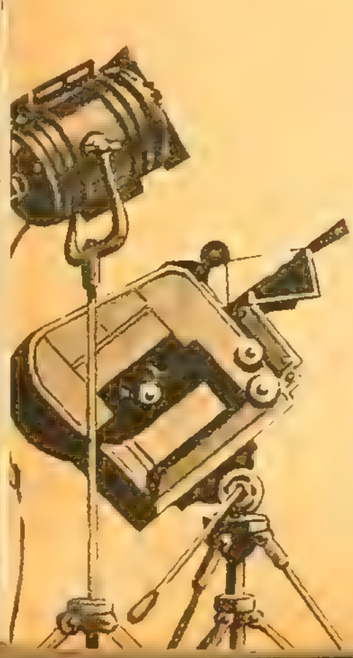
Jorja Curtright guides Edna around Glacier,

THEY say if you stand at the intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street long enough you're sure to see somebody you know from back home. The other day, that someone was me!

If any other citizens of Valley Stream, Long Island, were on Sunset Boulevard the other day they would have seen one Edna Wetzel, ex-Army nurse and typical tourist, standing in front of the broadcasting studio studying the marquee advertising ABC's Hollywood Tour radio program which Cal York, Photoplay magazine columnist, m.c.'s.

Little did I dream when I went into the studio that I would walk out a little later, step into a waiting limousine, visit a film studio (which I'd been unsuccessfully trying to do ever since my arrival in Hollywood), and meet and talk with motion picture stars in person . . . as informally as though they came from Valley Stream too.

But that's what happened to me . . . (*Continued on page* 68)



HOLLYWOOD TOUR

Doorway to dreamland—ABC studios, where Hollywood Tour originates each Monday through Friday at 3:45 P.M., EDT.

Montana, in the 1890's, reproduced for "Heaven Only Knows".

Fabled "Atlantis" has a fabulously beautiful queen: Maria Montez models her cloth-of-gold robe for Edna.

The perfect marriage, Sunday says, is, like her own, achieved by two who know that nothing is ever quite perfect

SOMETHING OLD, *Something New*

LORD HENRY and I were talking, the other day, about weddings. Henry is my husband and I love him dearly, but he has a man's inability to understand some things which are perfectly clear to all women.

"Why June?" he kept asking. "Why should there be more weddings in June than in any other month? What's so special about June that a wedding in that particular month is better than a wedding in July—or October, or April?"

"Well, the weather's always good in June, for one thing," I said.

Henry solemnly shook his head. "Not always. I've known Junes when it rained all month long."

"Maybe you have, but not often," I said. "All right—the weather's *usually* good in June, does that satisfy you? And there are lots of flowers—and orange blossoms—and winter's definitely over but it's too early to be unpleasantly hot—and, well—June is more romantic, that's all."

"Oh," Henry said, "like the end of a fairy-tale, is that it? 'And so they were married, and lived happily ever after.' "

"Well—yes," I agreed—reluctantly, because I knew he was poking fun at me—and he grinned and wandered outside. But Henry can often, with a few words, leave me with something to think about; and now that another June, another bridal month, is almost here I find myself remembering Carolyn and Don Hale.

You see, Henry is right, in a way. The wedding is never just the end of the fairy-tale. It is the beginning of an entirely new and different story (*Continued on page* 109)

By OUR GAL SUNDAY

Our Gal Sunday (played by Vivian Smolen), who has written this feature especially for Radio Mirror, is the devoted wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope and mother of Davey, Caroline, and tall Lonnie (played by John Grinnell), who is standing behind her. Our Gal Sunday is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, and is heard every Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations.

"When you come in again," I told Sammy, "why don't you have your sister drive you down to the office?"

Accidents are often emotional conditions, says radio's beloved doctor—and helps two young people to fall "accidentally" into the happiest emotional condition of all!

By DR. CHRISTIAN

One Part Love

IT WAS late on a June evening. The sun had set beyond the woods across the river; the stream itself flowed like darkened silver between the trees on the far side and the quiet little town. Outside my office, there were the calls of boys playing under the street lamp at the corner, the rising hum of motors and voices that meant that the theater down State Street was emptying after the early show.

An emergency call had taken me to the government hospital at dinner time; Judy Price, my secretary and office nurse, had volunteered to stand by at the office in case she was needed. Now when I returned, she rose gratefully from her desk, whipped off her starched white cap.

"What was it?" she asked. "Young Dan Harvey?"

I nodded. "Pains and temperature—and no reason for them that I could see."

"Queer," said Judy. "You said last week that he was just about ready to be discharged again."

"The whole thing's queer," I agreed wearily. "Last March when he left the hospital, he'd learned to use those artificial legs of his so well that a stranger couldn't have guessed that they weren't the ones he was born with. He went back to a job with his old firm, and a better job, I believe, than the one he'd had before he went into service. And after a couple of months he fell—no reason for that, either, from his own account of it—and hurt himself so badly that he had to come back to the hospital. I can't help thinking that he wanted to come back, that in some way he found civilian life unbearable."

Judy ran her hand through her red-gold curls. "Perhaps," she suggested softly, "getting out was a shock. I know he was cheerful and well adjusted and anxious to get back to work while he was at the hospital, but perhaps he hadn't realized what it would be like to be among people who weren't handicapped."

I shook my head. "He knew, and it wasn't that. It's something more specific, something he won't talk about. He's a normal, intelligent, responsive young man, but there's a dead spot somewhere. He knows it, and he's ashamed of it; that's why he hides it. That accident. . . . Accidents! The more I see of them, the less I believe that they're accidental. They're a result of strain and emotional disturbances in people—"

"I see," she interrupted, her eyes twinkling. "If I'm walking along the street and a brick falls off a building onto my head—it's because I'm emotionally disturbed?"

I grinned, knowing what she was doing. She wanted to lure me well away from the subject of Dan Harvey, wanted me to stop worrying about him. "Nevertheless—" I began. The doorbell and an urgent pounding stopped me. Judy snatched up her cap. We reached the door together.

A white-faced trio greeted us. Twelve-year-old Sammy Young was the center of it, his arms hooked around the shoulders of his companions, his face a grimace of pain. He held one foot carefully off the ground.

"It's his ankle, Doc," one of the boys piped. "We had a terrible time getting him here."

"I slipped," said Sammy, "on the shale—" And then he fainted.

Judy and I put in a busy half-hour. Sammy's ankle was sprained; his hands were raw with rock burns. He'd been saved from worse injury by the fact that he was fully—formally, for a boy of his age—dressed, and his suit coat had protected his arms. While I worked, I wondered about that suit coat, and the tie. The other boys wore sweat shirts and faded corduroys. Sammy was finally comfortable on the couch in my inner office; the boys had been dispatched to find his father to drive him (*Continued on page* 89)

This is a new Dr. Christian story written for Radio Mirror. On the opposite page (picture by Jasgur), as on the air, Dr. Christian is played by Jean Hersholt, Nurse Price by Rosemary De Camp. The program is heard every Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EDT, on CBS stations.

"Give us FAMILY

It's a young family that Kenny Jr., Johnny and Suzan got born into. Their mother and dad were college sweethearts.

THEY say there is nothing so rare in the world that you can't find at least one specimen of it in Hollywood. But it comes as a bit of a jolt to find The Typical American Family living in what probably is America's most a-typical spot, in a hilltop house looking down on that legendary colony.

Three miles above the nightclubs and the film studios and the resort spots of the most storied city in the country, Kenny Baker and his Geraldyne and their three youngsters—Kenny Junior, aged ten, Suzie, who is eight, and Johnny, three and a half, live in a manner completely foreign to Hollywood mores.

This unlikely picture of Mr.-and-Mrs.-Middle-Class-America-in-Hollywood is framed in a big and homey, barn-red shake and clapboard house which would seem more at home (as would the Bakers except that they feel at home wherever they are all together) in Connecticut or in the Iowa farmlands than among the swanky suburban estates which nestle in the beautiful

LIFE"

Small trailer or large house, it's home to Kenny Baker and his family as long as they're all together

And they're off! Trailer jaunts are their favorite family parties.

Farmers have to get up even earlier, and so do farmers' wives.

"Maybe what I really want," thinks Kenny, "is a hot bath."

The Kenny Baker Show is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EDT, on American Broadcasting Company stations.

No activity is more rewarding for the three young Bakers than tormenting their sire awake.

Real work, and lots of it, goes on in Kenny's putterer's paradise.

—and lavishly expensive—Hollywood hills.

The Bakers would just as soon be in Iowa, or Connecticut, for that matter, except for the fact that Kenny's work keeps him in Hollywood. Republic Studio was not likely to make "Calendar Girl" in Iowa just because Kenny Baker, who stars in the picture, had a suppressed desire to be a farmer; nor would the sponsors of Kenny's five-times-a-week radio show find it convenient to originate their program in New Canaan, Connecticut, where the Baker brood settled during their most recent sojourn in the East.

Otherwise, Kenny and his family could be equally happy in a less fabulous spot.

The view is what makes the Baker home fabulous in the Hollywood sense—a vast and smoky view across the broad plain of the San Fernando Valley to the stark, purple mountains ten miles to the northeast. The site of the house is fabulous too—in the center of a two and one-half acre plateau at the very crest of the foothill ridge.

But the house itself, and the life that goes on in it, is strictly Mom and Pop and the Kids.

"I want my children to learn to do useful things," Kenny insists. Result: very small John makes himself useful paddling his very large Dad around the pool. And loving it!

Many hands make . . . a mess, very often, of Geraldyne's kitchen.

The Bakers, Kenny will tell you, never got started in the Hollywood routine. They've avoided all the big cocktail parties where there are too many people to introduce, the late nights in the lavish clubs.

THEY have their own circle of friends, for the most part non-professionals. They entertain in their own way, with barbecue suppers around the pool, to which the guests are invited to bring their children, and at which the entertainment is not gin rummy and highballs but ping pong, horseshoes, or baseball with everybody—from four to forty—eligible for all events.

Geraldyne has made some concessions to convention in the decoration of the house. There is a formal wine and blue drawing room with really elegant eighteenth century furniture, but one look at the poor, lonely room is enough to break your heart. No one ever goes near it, except the maid, on cleaning days.

The dining room with its fine landscape wallpaper and Duncan Phyfe table and chairs is fairly formal too, and (*Continued on page* 72)

Lunch is something Bob and Marjorie sandwich into a conference with, left to right, Louis Shurr, Bob's agent, Charles Woit, business manager of Hope enterprises, and Jack Hope, who is Bob's brother and his personal business manager.

Even on no-work Saturdays, dictation is fun.

My Boss,

By MARJORIE HUGHES

I SUPPOSE half of the young girls in the country would give a right arm for the job I have had for the past five years.

I don't realize until I am introduced to someone new and see the momentary green glint when I am presented as "Bob Hope's private secretary" that I am enviable in the eyes of most of the people I meet.

On the job I get a different kind of reaction. At least once a day one of Mr. Hope's writers, or his business manager, or one of the dozen or so agency and studio people who manage with the aid of benzedrine and black coffee to keep up with just a small part of my boss's atomic activity is sure to shake a sympathetic finger at me, and advise me to keep my insurance paid up.

"You won't last, old girl," is what they imply.

Nobody, the people who know Bob Hope best are convinced, can stand the pace very long.

I don't have much time to think about my job. I am too busy just *doing* it. But when I stop and add up the debits and credits, as I have done mentally in preparation for writing this story, I find that my own emotions about my work—and that means about my boss, too, of course—lie somewhere in between the two extremes.

A strong constitution and a sense of humor—the prime requisites for a job that "half the girls in the world would give up an arm for!"

The big one's Red, the little one Chuckie, and the fellow in the middle's named Hope.

BOB HOPE

I have only to recall how I felt the day I got my job to have perfect sympathy with the "green glint" contingent—to understand why a lot of girls, normally very nice, wish I would have a nervous collapse or break a leg so they could have a chance at my glamorous employment.

I WAS struck with the same awe the day I was called into the office at Sawyer's Business College where I was studying and asked if I would be interested in a job with Bob Hope.

"Me?" I gasped, in complete disbelief. "Why *me?"*

The principal explained that the job at hand would be pretty routine—answering fan mail chiefly. But Mr. Hope wanted someone who knew bookkeeping as well as shorthand and typing. His private secretary, whose duties included keeping his personal books, was planning to leave to be married and if I "worked out" it was possible I could step into her shoes.

The deadly bookkeeping with which I had been struggling—I don't believe that anybody really *likes* to keep books—was going to come in handy after all.

If someone had asked me to sign a movie contract I couldn't have been more excited. My first job, and with *Bob Hope!*

Now I could say "I told you so" to all of my friends who had laughed when I had vowed that whatever I did, when I finished my education and went out into the business world, I wouldn't do anything that was monotonous.

"All jobs are monotonous," had been my friends' opinion. They hinted that I would be smarter to stop fussing with shorthand, and look around for a husband.

But I was unconvinced. Lots of women had interesting jobs. And I was going to be one of them. I couldn't bear the perspective of a future in which days stretched out in front of me, every one just like every other. I had spent four years in college, majoring in French, with the intention of teaching. When the time came to look for a job, I recoiled. I shuddered at the prospect of teaching the same French phrases to the same—at least they would look the same—disinterested kids until I was old and tired and completely removed from life and from my generation. I didn't want to live to work; I wanted to *work to live!*

Now, when I was just twenty-two, young and fresh and eager to be at the windmills, (*Continued on page* 102)

The Bob Hope Show, with Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague, is heard Tuesday nights, 10 P.M., EDT, over NBC.

Between the Bookends

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

To market, to market!
The young and the old
Parade past the stalls
Where bright foodstuffs are sold.
And who can explain
How their fancies are caught,
What appetites dictate,
And who will buy what!
Each bargains for treasure
Befitting his need:
Plums, cheese, lacquered peppers,
A cabbage! Indeed
I saw a lone fellow
Retrace the thronged streets
For the smile that the market girl
Gave with the beets.

—B. Y. Williams

PATTERN

Today, my dear, I drew a plan
For handling your type of man.
I found the pattern in a book—
It seems you're not the first to look
For greener pastures, fresher skies—
I'll make believe I trust your lies
And don a new, alluring self,
One-half angel—one-half elf.
I'll dance and pose and flirt and pray,
At least I will until the day
I see you with your Marianne,
And then I may forget my plan
Of holding you with make believe,
And weep, like every other Eve.

—Mary Anspach Simon

Strange Trinity

Pride is a flame in the eyes,
But a balm for the wounded heart
Too taken by surprise
To foil the poisoned dart.
Hate is a tree that bears
A gnarled and bitter fruit,
While rodents of despair
Gnaw at the twisted root.
Joy is a scented rain
After the burning drouth;
The sweet release from pain
And salt of tears on the mouth.
These are the trinity
With which we must appease
Whatever gods of love there be,
For love is all of these.

—Marion Doyle

WITH APOLOGIES TO STRONG WOMEN

I live alone and like it,
(At least I say I do)
But I would like it better
If I lived alone with you!

—Eleanor Aloise Renz

Lovely Delusion

I want you to say that your lips and mine
Blended a potion unique, divine;
I want you to say that the world stood still,
That this was the dreamed-of, the perfect thrill:
I want you to say that our kiss meant more
Than all of the kisses you'd had before;
Think me a simpleton, judge me a dunce.
But tell me a lie, darling—just this once!

—Cecile Bonham

FOR ONE AWAY

What can I say, when you feel out of touch,
Not having had my letter when you should?
Well, this: remember we have talked so much
Of a bond between us, which has well withstood
Trouble and distance, plus uncertainty,
And how we've said no enemy could sever
Its strength. Then, when you fail to hear from me,
Remember that a mountain stands forever,
With little need of fluttering, singing birds;
And this: when you have not my recent words,
Remember you would know, were something wrong,
So go your way, and let your heart recite
Some old familiar version of our song,
Till you receive the latest one I write.

—Elaine V. Emans

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 A.M. EDT, over ABC.

Verses as warm and lovely as the spring sunlight

Spring

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the bumble-bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful spring:
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.

—Thomas Carew

Weep You No More

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes,
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

—John Dowland

RUTH TO NAOMI

Entreat me not to leave thee,
Or to return from following after thee:
For whither thou goest,
I will go:
And where thou lodgest,
I will lodge.
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God my God.
Where thou diest, will I die,
And there will I be buried.

The Lord do so to me, and more also,
If aught but death part thee and me.

—The Bible
From Chapter I
The Book of Ruth

SONGS FROM A MASQUE

Shake off your heavy trance!
And leap into a dance
Such as no mortals use to tread:
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!

—Francis Beaumont

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
O, if you felt the pain I feel!
But O, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true—
All other men may use deceit.
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

—Walter Savage Landor

THE ONE WHO LOVES

Love is the warmth of a fire-side
When night lies cold and still;
Love is the well-earned rest that waits
When one has topped the hill.
Love is the food that builds and molds,
Makes strong that which is weak.
It is loveliness, half-concealed,
In the curve of a small boy's cheek.
Warmth, beauty, food and rest
Are found in love's bright glow.
Ask not the one who is beloved,
But the one who loves will know.

—Marcia Jackson

By

TED MALONE

Good Psychology

You are indeed the perfect spouse,
As unobtrusive as a mouse;
You do not waste the merest glance
On other women when we dance;
You'd never flirt by grin or wink—
At least, that's what you think I think.

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

RADIO MIRROR *will pay $50 each month*

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Bookends pages.

by which you'll read them

It's Brice, not Snooks, whose old friends stay good friends. Eddie Cantor's one of the best.

BABY SNOOKS

IT takes a big leap of character imagination, and a lot of talent, to go from Ziegfeld Follies star to the role of Baby Snooks, but Fannie Brice did it. And every Friday evening at 9:00 PDT, 8:00 EDT, radio audiences tune in to CBS to hear their favorite little girl bedeviling her Daddy.

At the age of fourteen Fannie Brice was appearing in Amateur Night shows in Brooklyn. But she soon edged into a Broadway show, singing dialect songs written by Irving Berlin. From here she went into the greatest of the Ziegfeld "Follies"; starred for Belasco and Carroll. Films added further luster to her comedienne's crown—and then came radio.

So insidious is her radio role that friends, as well as radio audiences, sometimes find it impossible to separate the identities of Fannie Brice, the woman, and Baby Snooks, the invention.

Especially is this difficult for Hanley Stafford, who, as Daddy, rehearses with a charming grown-up woman—and winds up driven to distraction by a childish brat—and they're both the same person!

Snooks's baby brother, Robespierre, is played by Leone Ledoux, and Roger, the boy next door, is Georgia Ellis. Phoebe is played by Sara Berner. Ben Alexander and Walter Kinsella are miscellaneous characters. Harlow Wilcox announces; Walter Bunker produces and directs.

Fannie's son previews the newest addition to her collection of paintings by children.

This is the moment of metamorphosis: Brice (center) becomes Snooks with the help of Daddy Hanley Stafford, script girl Ruth Hahn, Alan Reed (Mr. Wemish) and Arlene Harris (Mommy).

When svelte, charming Fannie Brice turns into the tot no home should have — that's acting!

This is angelic Baby Snooks, advancing with flowers in hand and mischief in heart upon her peacefully slumbering Daddy.

How happy he looks, sleeping away the Sunday afternoon! "I'll just tickle him some with this feather," decides Snooks.

As long as she's got him up, Daddy may as well read the paper—he thinks! But he can't wrest the wrestling news from Snooks.

"Too much!" says Daddy, and the day achieves its inevitable climax . . . a spanking that will leave an impression only on Daddy's hand.

MAGIC by MILENA

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Music Hall guest stars are always fun for Milena, but when one turned out to be Charles Boyer—well, what girl wouldn't sit down and get acquainted?

MOST girls have a family close at hand. Others have to create a homelike atmosphere in the most unlikely places—and Milena Miller has created a home out of a huge New York hotel, and a "family" out of hundreds of almost-strangers around her. Take a certain telephone operator who handles the calls in midtown New York on Thursday nights.

"It's ten minutes of ten; time for Milena's call to Ohio," says she to her fellow telephone operators. And a second later she hears Milena's soft voice saying, "Hello, Mary, how are things?" They always exchange a few pleasantries—for Milena has been making this same call to Mansfield, Ohio, every Thursday night for a year now. And Mary the operator always listens to Milena the singer's first sentence on the call before she hangs up. It's always the same.

"Hello, Mother darling. What'd the family think of the Music Hall tonight?"

For a good half hour after that opening sentence Milena has her weekly chat with her real family in her real home. They all take turns talking—Mother Miller; then Father Miller, who's an automobile dealer, and finally her year-younger sister Mildred, who is currently working as a receptionist and spending all her salary on flying lessons.

Once Milena has hung up, she's conscious again of her "home" for the past three years—a room at the block-big Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. By this time she honestly regards it as a home. Every Thursday night when she leaves for her favorite work—singing on the Music Hall Show at 9:00 over NBC—she's seen off, not by parents, but by dozens of elevator girls and bellboys.

"They all wish me luck, most of them try to hear the program—and some of them have even written songs they hope I'll get a chance to sing! What's more, they all notice my 'uniform'—which is a flowing ball gown, designed by me. I have fourteen different ones to choose from. But my favorite (and the Waldorf's) is a chiffon gown in peacock blue and brilliant green. That's the one I wear most often."

Covering the Cover Girl—good dress designer, better singer, and prettiest daughter of the biggest family in the world!

Music is a pleasure—especially in those few-and-far-between moments when she can relax and just listen to her favorites on her own phonograph!

Yes, her habits are as well known in the enormous hotel as if she lived in a suburban bungalow. The telephone operators know who calls her; her mail is waiting for her at the attendant's desk on her floor; and the other hotel guests who live near her often pause outside her door to hear her clear voice rehearsing a song—with the aid of a pitch-pipe, not a piano. Her breakfast, delivered by tray at ten every morning, is always arranged by the same waiter nine floors below in the kitchen. "Miss Miller never varies," he says. "Always it's fruit juice, cereal and cream, and half-coffee-half-hot-milk. Wish everyone was as simple."

Morning is the only peaceful time in Milena's day. She always spends it inside her room. There

It's still exciting for the girl from Mansfield, Ohio, to dress up in her best bib and tucker to go out for a dinner date at a New York restaurant.

MAGIC by MILENA

A mirror is a girl's best friend—when she is as pretty, and as careful about her makeup, as Milena.

Music is a business, and rehearsals are "office hours" for Milena, Russ Case, and the rest of

she experiments with clothes, makes telephone calls, plays her great collection of records and her endless music boxes. On her night-table stands a little squirrel who plays Brahm's "Lullaby" when she winds him up; and on her chest of drawers is a Swiss music box with doll-like dancing girls on top who whirl stiffly around to the tinkling waltz beneath them.

"BUT none of these musical sounds interest the morning chambermaids in the hall outside my door. They only react when they hear an ancient Italian 'Minuet' and then the piece 'Alone.' Then they know I'm getting dressed to go out—for the 'Minuet' plays when I lift the lid of my powder box, and 'Alone' comes from my jewelry box. That's when the maids get set to rush in and do my room!"

Once away from her Waldorf home, Milena's day unfolds like a speed-race. "I spend the early part of the afternoon doing unregulated work," she says, "posing for publicity pictures, rehearsing for guest appearances on other radio programs, or shopping. At 4:30 promptly, I'm at the Mary Howard Recording Studios, where I meet my pianist. For a solid hour and a half I sing, he accompanies, and together we make records. Then I listen to those same records for defects. I'm now my own teacher, you see; I make records in order to study my technique in the playback."

And at night she's either guest-appearing on radio shows like the Alec Templeton show, the Stuart Erwin show, or the RCA Victor Show, or else she's at a friend's home at a casual party. Often she's in the living room of her best friends, Lanny and Ginger Grey, who write jingles for radio. Or else at a party of illustrator Russell Patterson's. Or else at the homes of her fellow performers on the Music Hall program.

The fact that Milena is now holding down one of the key singing spots on the air is due to a series of accidents—and to no accident at all. She went to school in Mansfield, where the Millers have one of the most comfortable houses in town and one of its few swimming pools. Some six years ago, arriving in New York City to learn dress-designing, she had none of the money worries of many girls who get off the train in Grand Central Station determined to conquer Manhattan. She had a big wardrobe, a pleasant bank account, and her room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women was paid for by her family in Mansfield. She also

the Music Hall performers, who are heard every Thursday night at 9 P.M., EDT, over NBC stations.

Mrs. Keim, one of Milena's big Waldorf-Astoria "family", wishes her good luck as she leaves for the Music Hall.

had (she thought) a set purpose in life: nothing would stop her from becoming a top dress designer.

Nothing did stop her for two years of hard study. Then her own looks did it. Harry Conover, head of the Conover Model Agency, sauntered into the dress-designing school to look over its accomplishments—and raced out again with Milena firmly in hand. "You will be a model!" he announced. She was, for two years. Then Mr. Conover made another announcement: "You will be Miss New York City in the beauty contest at Atlantic City." She was, for a few days. During those days she discovered that the contest wasn't for beauty alone. It was also for talent ability. When the judges asked her if she had any entertaining talent she said quickly, "Yes. I sing."

Thereupon she did sing—and won first prize for talent! What she had neglected to tell anyone is that she had never sung before outside of the shower; she had always just wanted to sing. Nobody seemed to guess her lack of practice by her performance. She sang before a huge crowd the song, "I Can't Get Started With You." There was wild applause. So she sang another song: "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me." More applause. So, as the train carried her back to New York, clutching her first-prize trophy, she thought, "Dress-designing wasn't right and neither was modeling. I think I'll be a singer."

The first morning back in New York City, she went to see the Music (*Continued on page* 75)

Breakfast is fun—that's Milena's quiet, luxurious time for thinking over the day before and the day to come.

Perry Mason

1. Terrified, Mary Blade and David McKeen try to take courage from their love, and from the reassurances of Perry Mason and Della Street that the true criminals will be found. Perry knows that he must somehow discredit the testimony of Police Lieutenant Tragg, who, guarding McKeen home because of the suspicious circumstances of Farley's death, says he heard Mary scream as the three shots rang out that ended John McKeen's life.

LAWYER PERRY MASON has one unalterable rule: he will never accept a client of whose innocence he is doubtful. Armed with this preliminary assurance, and with a knowledge of human nature backing up his knowledge of the law, he is as wily an adversary as ever appeared in a courtroom. Perry's staff shares his zeal. Paul Drake, his detective, has a memory for faces that makes him feared throughout the underworld. Della Street, Perry's bright-haired secretary, is fearlessly, wholeheartedly interested in Perry's cases—because she is wholeheartedly interested in Perry himself. Together, these three have broken many a difficult case, but none more involved than the case of the State vs. Mary Blade and David McKeen.

Wealthy Farley McKeen is dead—slowly poisoned by arsenic on the flaps of envelopes. He had three foster-children: David, his beneficiary, John and Daphne—but immediately after Farley's death in a hospital, John was fatally shot at the McKeen home. Farley's secretary, Mary Blade, and David, who are in love, have been accused of the crimes; suspicion of them is aggravated by greedy, neurotic Daphne, who will inherit if David dies. And behind Daphne is her sweetheart Barker Distil.

Solves the Case of the BARTERED BRIDE

Radio Mirror pictures the lawyer-sleuth's dramatic fight for justice

2. It was David who admitted Tragg to the room in which John lay dead; Mary was there, but both she and David claim she lay unconscious from a blow until the moment Tragg entered. Requiring Tragg to turn his back, Perry has several people, including Mary, scream—proves Tragg cannot really identify Mary.

Perry Mason is played by Donald Briggs; Della Street, Jan Miner; Paul Drake, Chuck Webster; Gertie, Ruth Gilbert; David, John Larkin; Mary, Ellen Fenwick; Agnes, Charme Allen; Distil, Eric Dressler; Tragg, Frank Dane; Judge, Ed Cullen; Waiter, Lou Hall. For other cases solved by Perry Mason, listen Monday through Friday at 2:15 P. M., EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System.

3. Motherly Mrs. Jayne, D.A.'s witness, weeps as she tells of overhearing Mary and David in a cafe, plotting. Daphne and Distil, grudgingly served by Daphne's maid Agnes, toast Mrs. Jayne and her testimony.

4. Cross-examination doesn't shake Mrs. Jayne. Perry checks with Paul, who's been investigating her. And—success! She's well known to Chicago police. Thus armed, Perry trips her, gets her charged with perjury.

Perry Mason

Solves the Case of the BARTERED BRIDE

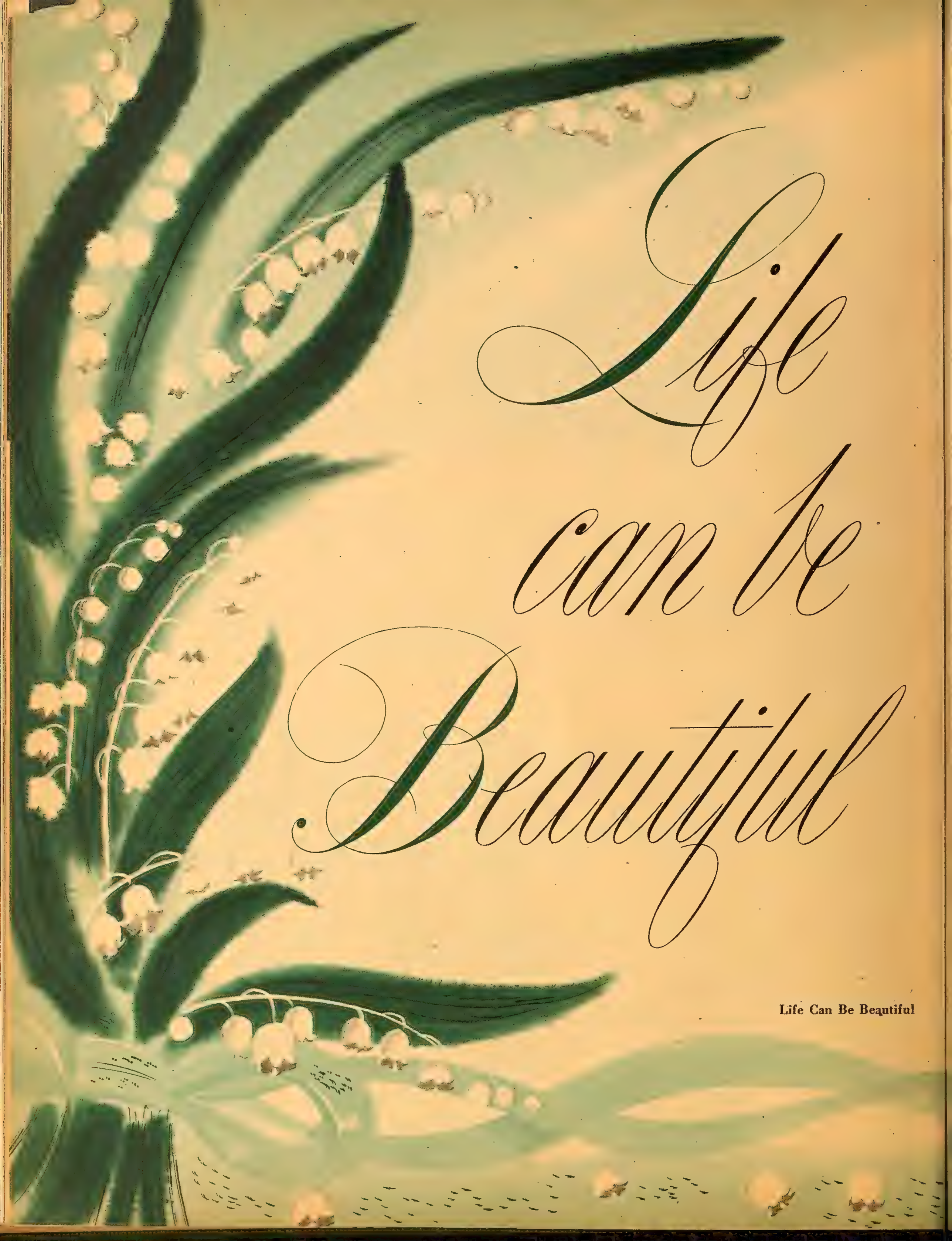
5. Della and Gertie, Perry's switchboard girl, have invaded the sinister Mirador, against Perry's orders. It's Mary's blue suit they're looking for—the suit Mary wore the day of John's death, in the pocket of which is the emblem she tore from the lapel of the man who knocked her out. When she came to, she put it in her pocket; but now suit and emblem have disappeared.

6. In spite of Gertie's attempts to dissuade her, Della finds her way into Distil's secret room. While she's searching his closet for the suit, he finds her, and suavely says she'll be kept there till the trial is over. "Gertie will tell Perry," Della threatens; but Distil explains that Mason won't dare have the Mirador searched for fear that Della will be harmed. In other words, Della is a hostage.

7. Gertie reports Della's disappearance to Perry. The next morning, fighting now for Della as well as his clients, he gets Daphne on the stand, maneuvers her into one error after another, finally forcing the admission that Distil was not with her when John was shot. Now, if only they can find the suit, with the probably fingerprint-marked emblem in it!

8. Later that day, Daphne's maid Agnes is called to the stand. As she takes it, Mary Blade leaps to her feet, crying "The blue suit! She's wearing it!" And Agnes with a sigh of relief, gladly goes to the dressing-room to be searched. She had discovered the suit hidden among Daphne's clothes, and knew, from conversations overheard, that it had a vital bearing on the trial. Hating Daphne and Distil, but in dreadful fear of both of them, she had tried to think of a way to get the suit into the limelight without exposing herself to danger, finally decided to wear it. Perry rushes the emblem to fingerprint experts, and his case against Distil is complete. The emblem reveals only Distil's prints—and Mary's, of course. Having proved Distil guilty, Perry knows that he will have no trouble involving Daphne, and showing that the murder of Farley McKeen was also the work of this avaricious pair. Perry Mason has won yet another battle for justice.

9. But he spares only a moment to receive the thanks of the young lovers. He's off to rescue Della—Distil, arrested, is powerless to interfere. Della is an extremely important person to Perry, though he might not be able to say why. Maybe one day Della will tell him—if he can't figure it out for himself!



Life Can Be Beautiful

Three Small Boys Tell A Heart-warming Story You Won't Forget

"THREE OF US BOYS"

Dear Papa David:

My mother died three years ago leaving three of us boys with nothing. My sister came for us and took us to her home. We love our sister, so we were glad to live with her, but my sister's husband objected to us after we were there about two weeks. He said that it cost too much to support somebody else's family; besides he didn't like noise. You see we were young and active, my youngest brother was six at the time and I was ten and my oldest brother thirteen. We tried to be quiet while my brother-in-law was at home, but Mary wouldn't stand for it, so the four of us packed our things, and traveled 800 miles to stay with other relatives. Mary worked to support us. I knew that she missed her husband, because I heard her cry at night.

We were sorry for her, so we three decided to write to my brother-in-law and tell him to come for Mary. We told him that we didn't mind going to a home. There are no words to express our heartaches. We loved our sister almost as much as our mother—in fact my younger brother did call her mother. We used to sit behind the barn and think that we would never see our sister again after we were sent to that home, then the three of us would begin to cry.

Then the letter came! It ended, "How are you and our three children? The three of them better start packing as I will be there for you this weekend." *Our three children,* he had said. My dear sister was so happy, not to mention our happiness.

We are again living with my sister and brother-in-law, but he doesn't mind noise any more. He is like a father to us. We are one big happy family. You bet life can be beautiful!

R. J. H.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN STRIVES FOR

Dear Papa David:

When I was but three years old I was stricken with infantile paralysis. At that time very little was known about the disease and I was treated for grippe and rheumatism. Not until it was discovered that I was paralyzed from head to toe and a specialist was called from the nearest city, was the true nature of my illness known. For weeks I fought death, then the acute stage passed and gradually I regained the use of my arms and hands, but that was all. For over forty years I have been confined to my wheel chair.

Most of my childhood was spent in hospitals—my family mortgaged their home and finally lost it, to raise money to enable me to have every new method of treatment that came along. Everyone was kind to me and I was showered with so much attention that I think I was happier and more content than most children. Of course, I was not able to go to school, but my parents taught me at home. I took a correspondence course in bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, and at sixteen got a position in a business office in the small town where we lived.

Soon after that I discovered that in spite of my handicap, I was a very popular young lady! I had more dates and boy friends than most of the girls I knew and my home was always the gathering place of all the young folks. Then I met the man whom I married at nineteen. Oh, how the tongues wagged when my engagement was announced! Everyone thought it was dreadful for me to take such a step, but I was not to be discouraged. I had a lovely wedding—wore white satin and a veil, and left in the traditional shower of rice, on my honeymoon.

On our return we lived in first one place, then another. We were not able to afford help, so I had to work out ways to do my housework alone. Finally we built our own home, with everything arranged for my convenience—no steps, no doorsills, low cabinets and sink.

When it became known that I was to have a baby, the small town talk started again. People actually asked me if I thought my baby would be a cripple, too. Fortunately, I didn't let things like that bother me and the happiest day of my life was when I woke up after a Caesarian operation (*Continued on page* 78)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $100 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay one hundred dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

is written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker and is heard Monday through Friday, at 12 PDT, 1 MDT, 2 CDT and 3 EDT, on NBC.

Come and Visit the EDGAR BERGENS

By PAULINE SWANSON

THERE are no billboards along the steep and winding road which leads to the Beverly Hills mountain top where the Edgar Bergens live to indicate that you are making your way to the best show in town.

There is not, for that matter, anything extraordinary—for the plushier sections of Beverly Hills, that is—about the house itself, once you have arrived at the summit. It is a vast and rambling house, with gardens cascading for an acre or so to the edge of the precipice and a sweeping view of the Pacific shore. In its external appearance—white stucco walls, great beamed doors, and red tile roof—it is a blood brother to many another Spanish "hacienda" on many another Beverly Hills hilltop, and it could as easily belong to a successful banker as to an actor whose heart belongs to vaudeville. One prefers to believe that a former owner—probably a banker—chose the name of the place, "Bellavista." You had expected something rather gayer from Edgar Bergen.

It is reassuring to discover as soon as you meet your host that the only view from his house which Edgar considers interesting is the one across the ravine to the neighboring mountain top where you see the miniature Casbah where John Barrymore spent his last turbulent years. The gloomy pile itself shouts "An *actor* lived here." For additional evidence, there is plainly visible the gaudy, twenty-foot totem pole which Barrymore always told his more respectable interviewers he had stolen from an Eskimo cemetery in Alaska, and

Frances and baby Candy get into the act, for once. Sundays at 8, on NBC, it's just Bergen, McCarthy and Snerd.

Charlie's folks: Edgar, Frances and Candy Bergen

Come and Visit the EDGAR BERGENS

The theater is the heart of the house. Before that curtain the town's best acts go on. But the acts aren't confined to the theater. Beaming housegirl Kay never knows which of her master's many voices is going to ask for "more coffee, please."

the naked arch of a eucalyptus tree stripped clean of its branches by the Great Profile's prowess with a bear gun.

You will discover before you leave the Bergens' that the Great Barrymore would have been more at home at Bellavista than the banker who built the place, for the house that Charlie McCarthy paid for is not as conventional, or as tame, as it looks.

That ordinary looking red-tile roof, it turns out, covers more side shows than a Barnum and Bailey tent, and the expensive Cannell and Chaffin draperies swallow up more laughs than the red velvet cyclorama at Minsky's.

IT IS possible that an unenlightened visitor could pay a formal call on the Bergens, meet Edgar's charming and attractive wife, Frances, visit ten-months-old Candy in her fluffy pink and blue nursery, be served tea from old Sheffield silver in the formal living room, and depart with the impression that actors are just like anybody else—only richer.

Such tea parties are infrequent on the Bergen hilltop, for the unenlightened are infrequently invited. The people you are most apt to meet there, the old vaudevillians who knew Bergen "when"—and *yet*—the people who work and play with him now know their man too well to be content with the up-town-tour. They know that a free show goes with every dinner. Their pal, Edgar, may have grown rich in ten fabulously successful years on that new-fangled circuit, the radio, but he's still, in his blood, a trouper, and will go on at the drop of a hat.

The dressy decorators who "did" the house would be horrified if they could see the brush-off Edgar accords their showiest work when he is conducting visitors through his home. The white jade horses over the mantelpiece in the living room, the wallpaper painted with (*Continued on page* 97)

From a Beverly Hills mountaintop, "Bellavista" and its cascading grounds overlook the Pacific. It's a showplace in more ways than one.

No hand but Bergen's is allowed to freshen Charlie's paint. There's a workshop for just such purposes.

If you were paying a formal call on the Bergens, this is where you'd drink your tea. But Edgar's old friends just head straight for the theater.

In Living Portraits

LONE JOURNEY

The story of a man guided by destiny along a lonely road

LYNNE ALEXANDER, brilliant, attractive newspaperwoman, is a figure of mystery even to those who believe they know her well. She appeared in Lewistown one day, and except for a brief trip to New York has never left. The successful newspaper which she and Tao Smith run, and her friendship with Wolfe, which grows daily stronger, seem to be the focal points of her life. (played by Joan Alexander)

WOLFE BENNETT, architect turned rancher, has suffered greatly through two marriages which ended unhappily. After the death of his first wife, he married Sydney; now their marriage has been annulled by the return of Sydney's first husband, long thought to be permanently missing. But Wolfe remains an idealist, finding his inspiration in Montana's vast spaces. (played by Staats Cotsworth)

Lone Journey is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at 2:30 P.M. EDT, on CBS stations.

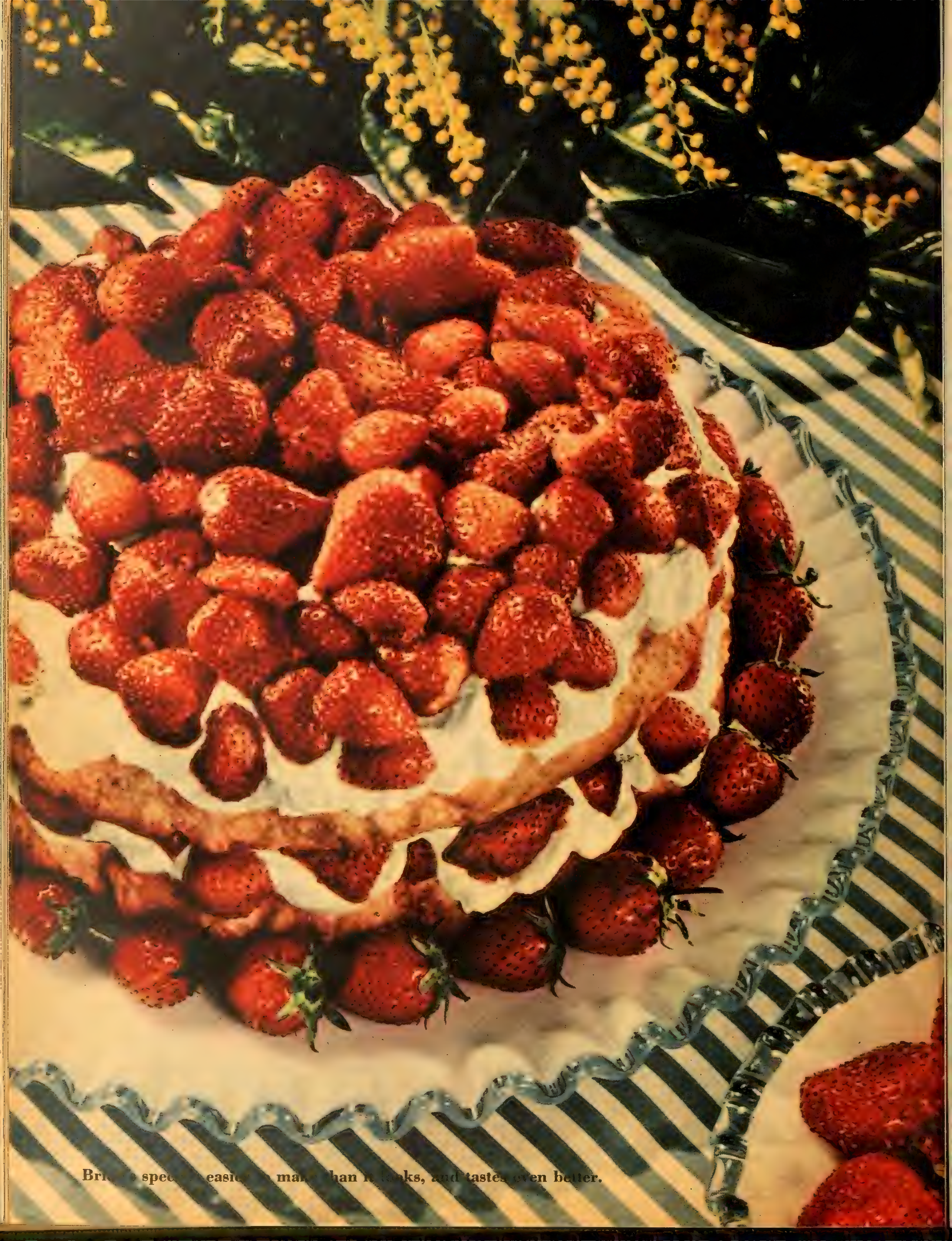
SYDNEY MACKENZIE is the wife of Lansing Mackenzie, who was missing for two years in the Pacific and officially reported dead. During that time, Sydney married Wolfe Bennett, with whom she had been in love even before she married Lansing. Now Lansing and Sydney, reunited, are trying to build a new life, teaching at the Music School, reliving their happy years before the war. (played by Charlotte Holland)

TAO SMITH, an apparently carefree young man, is as intriguing a figure to his Lewistown friends as Lynne Alexander, his partner in the new Lewistown newspaper venture. Like Lynne, Tao's appearance in Montana was sudden and unexplained. Working closely together, these two are much attracted to one another. (played by Oliver Cliff)

LEILA MATTHEWS has been a person significant in Wolfe Bennett's life ever since the days when the two were childhood playmates. As they grew up, they became sweethearts. But Wolfe went away to Chicago, to go to school, and Leila is now married to Jim Matthews. Since the Matthews ranch is close to Wolfe's, Leila remains important to him as a good friend and helpful neighbor.
(played by Genelle Gibbs)

JESSIE KING is a rancher, too—an active, friendly woman who can cook a wonderful meal with facility, and can, with equal ease, run a tractor, ride a horse, or brand a steer.
(played by Bess McCammon)

ENOR is a hired hand at Wolfe's ranch, but he means a great deal more to both Wolfe and the Spear-T than any ordinary hand. His personality, loyalty—and uniquely colorful language—have made him one of Wolfe's favorite people. No task is too large or small for Enor, and nothing escapes his busy curiosity.
(played by Cameron Andrews)



Bri[illegible] spec[illegible] easie[illegible] ma[illegible] than it looks, and tastes even better.

Memo for BRIDES

IF I'd look it up in an encyclopedia I could probably find out why June is traditionally bride's month. But I have a theory of my own which I like so well that I'm not going to risk disturbing it by doing any research on the subject. My theory is that June became bride's month because, being the beginning of summer, it gets the new young housewife off to a good start on meal planning and preparing—with fruit. Nothing can better ensure the honeymoon's lasting forever than for an adoring young husband to discover that his wife has a deft and knowing hand at cooking, and the endless variety of desserts which can be concocted from summer's fresh fruits will quickly create that reputation for her. So here are a number of recipes to start you brides on your merry way—beginning with that tried and true favorite, strawberry shortcake.

Strawberry Shortcake

2 cups all purpose flour
5 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2 tbls. sugar
3 tbls. butter or margarine
¾ cup milk
1 quart strawberries

Sift flour, measure and sift together with baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in shortening, add milk and mix well. Turn onto floured board and knead lightly 2 or 3 times. Dough should be soft and easily handled but not sticky. Divide dough in half, pat out one portion in 8-inch round pan. Dot with shortening. Pat out remaining dough and place on first layer. Bake in 450 degree oven (preheated) 20 minutes. After baking, split the two layers apart. Top the first layer with prepared strawberries, cover with second shortcake layer and top with remaining fruit. To prepare strawberries, wash well, drain and remove caps. Reserve some of the larger berries to use as garnish, chop the others coarsely with a knife, sweeten to taste, mix lightly and let stand ½ hour before combining with baked shortcake. To prevent juice from making the shortcake soggy, do not combine with fruit until just before serving time. Serve with whipped cream. Follow this same recipe for blackberry, raspberry or peach shortcake sweetened to taste.

By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen Monday through Friday at noon to Kate Smith Speaks, Sunday nights at 6:30 to Kate Smith Sings, on CBS.

Uncooked Strawberry Pie

1½ qts. strawberries
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
½ cup water
1 cup sugar
2½ tbls. cornstarch
1 tbl. butter or margarine

Wash and drain berries and remove caps. Place 1 qt. berries in baked pie shell. Crush remaining ½ qt. berries in saucepan, mix in water, sugar and cornstarch and bring to a boil. Boil, stirring constantly for 2 minutes or until mixture is clear. Stir in butter and remove from heat. Strain mixture and pour over berries in pie shell. Chill until serving time. If desired, garnish with whipped cream before serving.

Blueberry Pie

4 cups (1 qt.) blueberries
½ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbls. lemon juice
2 tbls. butter or margarine

Wash berries and drain well. Mix sugar, flour and salt. Pour over berries in a bowl and turn gently with a spoon until all are covered with the mixture. Turn berries into a 9-inch pie plate lined with pastry which overhangs the edge 1-inch all around. Add lemon juice to berries and dot with butter. Add lattice top of pastry and build pastry up into a high border around the edge of the pie plate to prevent the juices from spilling out during baking. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 10 minutes. Then lower heat and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes longer. (*Continued on page* 101)

Home THOUGHTS

Behind Claudia Morgan and Mr. Poop, the built-to-order modern shelves and cupboards demonstrate the simplicity of line that makes a common denominator between them and a Sheraton table. Black walnut washstand (below) is also a good mixer.

POINT for point in glamor and friendliness and graciousness Claudia Morgan is the counterpart of Nora Charles whom she portrays in CBS's Adventures of the Thin Man, and the Chappell apartment—Claudia is Mrs. Ernest Chappell in private life—reflects these qualities perfectly. How it was made to do so offers a wealth of ideas for any June bride busy with the absorbing task of furnishing a new home.

"Chap and I are both home minded," Claudia said. "We like to eat and entertain at home. We like old furniture, but we're not antique hounds and we like the designed-for-comfort modern but not the extreme fashions. Most of all we wanted a casual, easy-to-relax-in home, rather than a formal setting."

A decorator would probably say that you couldn't combine antiques with Victorian and modern furniture, but Claudia and Chap, acting as their own decorators, combined them and got just the effect they had wished for. This does not mean that they bought at haphazard everything that struck their fancy. On the contrary, knowing that in a well balanced room each item, in order to contribute to the over-all effect, must have certain factors in common with the other furnishings, they set out to decide on a common denominator, a theme—"Call it anything you like," Claudia smiled, "but it is the quality or similarity that makes it possible to create a harmonious atmosphere.

"Since we both prefer simple designs to elaborate ones, and both like the sturdiness of solid woods, we concentrated on those, and we discovered that the very simplicity of their design makes it possible for a Sheraton table and an early American chest to live in the same room with modern built-to-order sectional shelves and cupboards. Even when these are of different woods, the finish, which shows the beauty and variety of grain, permits blending walnut and mahogany with rosewood and pine.

"Another thing, and anyone who is planning a new home should take it into consideration, is that it isn't enough to have a mental picture of the effect you wish to achieve. You must also know something about the material and the structure of the furniture you will need to achieve it. Before we finished, we had shopped and window shopped and read and visited museums until we were weary, but it was worth it because the more we learned the better we were able to get what we wanted, and to cope with those emergencies that always seem to arise no matter how much planning you do in advance. Our major emergency (*Continued on page* 86)

Shopping LIST

Get just the things you'll use most often; pare non-essentials to the bone, till you know what will really be useful enough to warrant storage space—that's Jone's advice.

JONE ALLISON, who plays Sylvia in When a Girl Marries, advises June brides: "You'll cook mainly for two people, with occasional dinners or week-end brunches for two or four guests. Don't stock enough cooking utensils for a hotel."

As essentials, all of which fill a variety of uses, Jone suggests:

- 1 1½ qt. double boiler
- 1 1 qt. saucepan with cover
- 1 2 qt. saucepan with cover
- 1 sieve
- 1 5-inch frying pan
- 1 9-inch frying pan
- 1 skillet (or Dutch oven) with cover
- 1 roasting or broiling pan
- 1 1 qt. baking dish
- 6 oven proof custard cups
- 3 mixing bowls, 1 pt. to 2 qts. capacities
- 1 8-oz. measuring cup (liquid meas.)
- 1 6-cup coffee pot or percolator
- 1 teapot (omit if you prefer a tea ball or tea bags)

"I have to shut my eyes to keep from buying all the small gadgets I see," Jone smiled. But everyone needs these:

- 1 bread board
- 1 utility knife with a narrow 7-inch blade
- 1 paring knife, pointed blade
- 1 spatula
- 1 pancake turner
- 1 chopping knife and bowl (or food grinder
- 1 kitchen fork
- 2 tablespoons
- 2 teaspoons
- 1 wooden mixing spoon
- 1 set measuring spoons
- 1 egg beater
- 1 potato masher or ricer
- 1 can opener
- 1 combination corkscrew and bottle opener
- 1 set salt and pepper shakers
- 1 orange reamer
- 1 scrubbing brush for vegetables
- 1 grater
- 1 tray

"For baking, of course," Jone went on, "you will need additional equipment." A minimum list is:

- 1 8-oz. measuring cup (dry measure)
- 1 flour sifter
- 2 8- or 9-inch layer cake pans
- 1 9- or 10-inch pie pan
- 2 wire cake racks
- 1 5 x 9-inch loaf pan
- 1 flour container (wide mouthed so you can dip cup into it)
- 1 sugar container (wide mouthed so you can dip cup into it)

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Design For Listening News Highlights Solitaire Time	Bible Institute Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Married For Life Juvenile Jury	Melodies To Remember Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill Frank Black James Melton	Warden Lawes American Radio Warblers Bill Cunningham Veterans' Information	Dr. Danfield National Vespers	Weekly News Review "Here's to Ya"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Carmen Cavallaro One Man's Family	Open House Crimes of Carelessness	Warriors of Peace Samuel Pettingill	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Pattern in Melody	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children This Week Around the World	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	NBC Symphony	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Hoagy Carmichael Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Bob Burns	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Kate Smith Sings
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Fitch Bandwagon	Mysterious Traveler California Melodies	Court of Missing Heirs The Clock	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Edgar Bergen Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Special Investigator Official Detective	Detroit Symphony Orch.	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Double or Nothing	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Jimmie Fidler Policewoman	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45 11:00	Don Ameche Meet Me at Parky's News	Gabriel Heatter Show The Edmund Hockridge Show	Theatre Guild	Take It Or Leave It We the People

Elizabeth Ennis

—a doctor's daughter in real life, plays Diane Carvell, a doctor's daughter, in Big Sister, weekdays, at 1:00 P.M., EDT, over CBS.

Paul Lavalle

—radio's most versatile composer-conductor, comes from a musical family and was a full-fledged orchestra member at eleven. He studied at Juilliard; spent a season in Havana where he wrote "Symphonic Rhumba"; directed the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street; now conducts Highways of Melody over NBC, Fridays, 8 P.M., EDT.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Nelson Olmsted Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Club Time	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Noon Edition Checkerboard Jamboree Coast Guard on Parade	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Quartet Art Van Damme Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Baukhage Powers Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Terry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All Hint Hunt
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	House Party
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Skip Farrell H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Vincent Lopez Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Hawk Show
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Casebook of Gregory Hood	Lum and Abner Skip Farrell Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum Joan Davis
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Victor Borge	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Treasury Agent Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Dr. I. Q.	Fishing & Hunting Club Family Doctor	Doctors Talk It Over Joe Mooney Quartet	Screen Guild Players Sweeney and March

Jane Russell

—whose guest appearance as vocalist on Kay Kyser's College of Music and Knowledge drew such favorable audience response that the Old Professor offered her a contract. After the wild publicity given her for her motion picture work, Jane rates credit for setting out to prove that she can also succeed where she is heard and not seen.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
*8:45	News			Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Bill Harrington	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Naval Academy Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Navy Band	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Smile Time	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Women in White		Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Harlem Hospitality	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young			Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Hollywood Tour	Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:40	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	Joey Kern's
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		In My Opinion
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orch.	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Skip Farrell	Arthur Hale		American Melody Hour
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Milton Berle	Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner	Big Town
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	A Date With Judy	Adventures of the Falcon	Boston Symphony	Mel Blanc Show
8:45				
9:00	Amos and Andy	Gabriel Heatter		Vox Pop
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Fibber McGee and Molly	American Forum	Rex Maupin's Orch.	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:45				
10:00	Bob Hope		Hank D'Amico Orch.	One World Flight
10:15		Vic Damone	Hoosier Hop	
10:30	Red Skelton	International Quiz		Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News
9:15		Shady Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Tropicana			
10:00		Arthur Gaeth	My True Story	Give and Take
10:15	Nelson Olmsted	Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15		Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Easy Does It	Hollywood Story	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr	Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Noon Edition News	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks
12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Checkerboard Jamboree		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Sketches In Melody	Cedric Foster	Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Smile Time	Powers Charm School	Ma Perkins
1:30	Art Van Damme Quartet	Merv Griffin		Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert McCormick	Bobby Norris		Road of Life
2:00	Today's Children	Queen For A Day	Kiernan's Corner	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White		Ethel and Albert	Perry Mason
2:30	Masquerade	Harlem Hospitality	Bride and Groom	Lone Journey
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Heart's Desire	Ladies Be Seated	Bouquet For You
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young		Hollywood Tour	Winner Take All
3:45	Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show		Hint Hunt
4:00	Backstage Wife	Erskine Johnson	Tommy Bartlett Show	House Party
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Cliff Edwards	
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5:00	When A Girl Marries	Hop Harrigan	Terry and Pirates	American School of the Air
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Sky King	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix	Tennessee Jed	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John Mac Vane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Serenade to America	Local Programs		Word From the Country
6:30				Red Barber
6:45	Lowell Thomas			Bob Trout
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Mystery of the Week
7:15	News of the World	Dance Orchestra	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Skip Farrell	Cecil Brown	Lone Ranger	Ellery Queen
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		
8:00	Dennis Day	Crime Club	Lum and Abner	Jack Carson
8:15			Skip Farrell	
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	Special Features	Willie Piper	Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Paul Whiteman	Frank Sinatra
9:15		Real Stories		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	What's the Name of That Song	Beulah Program	Dinah Shore
9:45				
10:00	The Big Story	Did Justice Triumph	Bing Crosby	The Whistler
10:15				
10:30	Kay Kyser	Author Meets Critic	Henry Morgan	Information Please

Henry La Cossitt

—who made his first broadcast in September, 1946, with his Editor's Diary series over Mutual, now has the 9 A.M., EDT spot on that network. His career has included newspaper experience, script-writing (four screen plays in a year), free-lance writing of everything from mysteries to soberest non-fiction and the editorships of two national magazines.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
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11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Bill Harrington Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Noon Edition News Checkerboard Jamboree U. S. Navy Band	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Art Van Damme Quartette Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffen Bobby Norris	Baukhage Powers Charm Show	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All Hint Hunt
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	House Party Joey Kerns
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Vincent Lopez Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Mr. Keen
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Mark Warnow Count of Monte Cristo	Lum and Abner Erwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting	Suspense F. B. I. Peace and War
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Duchin, Eddie Foy, Jr. Jack Haley with Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Hour of Song	That Was the Year	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre I Was A Convict	World Security Ralph Norman	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X

Ralph Edwards

—the Colorado farm boy who had got himself an education at the University of California and was on the air over NBC's coast-to-coast network with his own Truth or Consequences program by the time he was twenty-six. He does not care what he does if it will make people laugh and plenty of people do. His listening audience is a laughing twenty-five million.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC 660K	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Tropicana	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Nelson Olmsted Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Arthur Gaeth Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Give and Take Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Cecil Brown Tell Your Neighbor Easy Does It Victor H. Lindlahr	Tom Breneman Hollywood Story Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Noon Edition News Checkerboard Jamboree Campus Salute	Kenny Baker Show	Kate Smith Speaks Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Sketches in Melody Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Smile Time Merv Griffin Bobby Norris	Charm School	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone Road of Life
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Harlem Hospitality	Kiernan's Corner Ethel and Albert Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Heart's Desire Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Hollywood Tour	Bouquet For You Winner Take All Hint Hunt
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Adventure Parade	Tommy Bartlett Show Cliff Edwards Dick Tracy	House Party
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	American School of the Air Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From Washington Red Barber, Sports Bob Trout
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Skip Farrell H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Alan Young	Burl Ives Holly House Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Ginny Simms Durante and Moore
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theatre Sports	Meet The Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant

Julie Conway

—the red-headed "sparkle" girl whose opening commercial on the Jack Smith Show has made radio history. Her guest appearance on Jack's program recently was so successful that she will repeat it soon. Julie does twenty-two commercials a week, also studies music and voice. She is married to announcer Bob Sherry; they have a sparkling young daughter, Mike.

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC 660k	MBS 710k	ABC 770k	CBS 880k
9:00	Percolator Party		Wake Up and Smile	CBS Morning News
9:15				The Garden Gate
9:30	Coffee With Congress	Robert Hurleigh		Renfro Valley Folks
9:45	Bill Herson	Bobby Norris		
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Betty Moore	Barnyard Follies
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jackie Hill Show	Junior Junction	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45				
11:00	Teentimers Club	This Week in Washington	Elizabeth Woodward	Let's Pretend
11:15			Buddy Weed Trio	
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse	Adventurers Club
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	W. W. Chaplin	Pro Arte Quartet	Your Children and Your Schools	Theatre of Today
12:15	Consumer Time		Tell Me Doctor	
12:30	Home Is What You Make It	Flight Into the Past	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Bands For Bonds		Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Veterans' Aid	Symphonies For Youth	Fascinating Rhythm	County Fair
1:45	Elmer Peterson			
2:00	Your Host is Buffalo		Our Town Speaks	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Baxters	Dance Music	Hill Toppers	Country Journal
2:45			This Is For You	
3:00	Nations' Orchestras	Dance Orchestra	Phil Brestoff	Cross Section U.S.A.
3:15				
3:30		Sports Parade	Sunset Roundup	Treasury Band Stand
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Then and Now	Horse Races	Horse Racing	Matinee at Meadowbrook
4:15			Stars in the Afternoon	
4:30	Names of Tomorrow	Dance Orchestra	Treasury Show	Adventures in Science
4:45				Of Men and Books
5:00	Nelson Olmsted	For Your Approval	Saturday Concert	Philadelphia Orch.
5:15	Art Mooney			
5:30	Edward Tomlinson	Ray Scott Orch.		
5:45	King Cole Trio	Jan August and His Piano Magic		

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Cleveland Symphony	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell
6:15			Chittison Trio	Once Upon a Time
6:30	Boston Tune Party		Harry Wismer	
6:45	Religion in the News		Labor U. S. A.	Larry Lesueur
7:00	Our Foreign Policy	Hawaii Calls	It's Your Business	Waitin' For Clayton
7:15			Song Spinners	Jean Sablon
7:30	Curtain Time	News and Sports	The Music Library	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		F. H. LaGuardia		
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Scramby Amby	I Deal in Crime	Mayor of the Town
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Mighty Casey	Gang Busters	
9:15				
9:30	Can You Top This?	Theater of the Air	Murder and Mr. Malone	
9:45				Saturday Night Serenade
10:00	Judy Canova	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	
10:15				This Is Hollywood
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	

Inza Wallace

—born, bred and ballet-trained in Boston, portrays Inza, the feminine lead on NBC's Adventures of Frank Merriwell, Saturdays, at 10 A.M., EDT. She also is heard frequently on both Mr. District Attorney and My True Story programs but confesses that she would be happy to escape from the grimmer aspects into pixy parts—she says, "like Peter Pan, maybe."

Recommended Listening

If it's laughter you're after, all four networks can provide it any night of the week; this list of radio's professional funny-bone ticklers is for you. All times given below are Eastern Daylight, and all of the programs are heard in the evening.

* * *

Monday night: Start it off with *Lum 'n' Abner,* if you like a story garnished with laughter, instead of just straight jokes (8, ABC). And you get a dividend with this one—it's heard, same time, same stations, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, too. From there stop in at Joannie's tea room on the *Joan Davis Show* and listen through that weekly round of troubles that always has its funny side (8:30, CBS). Right on Joan's heels comes the recently-revived *Beulah* program. Beulah, you may remember, is the mix-things-up maid you used to hear on *Fibber McGee and Molly* (9, ABC).

Tuesday night: To begin, there's the *Milton Berle Show,* which actually does live up to its boast of a "new kind of comedy" (8, NBC). At 8:30, you'll have to make a choice between the *Mel Blanc Show,* (CBS) and *Date With Judy,* (NBC). If it's impossible-situations-made-to-seem-real that you like, you'll choose Mel and his girl and his fix-it shop. But if the mirthful scrapes of the teen-agers appeal to you, Judy will be your choice. And you'll keep tuned to NBC, for in rapid succession, starting at 9 come *Amos and Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly, Bob Hope* and *Red Skelton.*

Wednesday night: You'll have to make a choice here the very first thing—between *A Day in the Life of Dennis Day,* (NBC) and *Jack Carson,* (CBS). If you want a story to boot, take Dennis Day, but for straight fun, Jack Carson. Following Dennis Day is a full hour that should appeal to anyone who likes to laugh. First there's the pompous, delightful *Great Gildersleeve* and following him comes Mr. Malaprop himself, Archie of *Duffy's Tavern.* Turn your dial to ABC, a bit later (10) for *Bing Crosby* who always has enough fun combined with his music to make him eligible for listing here. After Bing comes *Henry Morgan* with his elaborate fun-poking.

Thursday night: Good listening, starting with the irrepressible Henry and the rest of the *Aldrich Family* (8, NBC). Another family follows on the same stations—George and Gracie and the kind of comedy that has made *Burns and Allen* dear to the hearts of listeners for years. Amuse yourself otherwise until 9:30, when Eve Arden and Jack Haley bring you the *Village Store* (also NBC). Same station, next half-hour bracket brings *Abbott and Costello,* and after that, at ten, *Eddie Cantor* on NBC vies for your attention with *That's Finnegan,* not so familiar, but in his own way just as funny, on ABC.

Friday night: No trouble at all tonight—the radio powers-that-be have arranged an evening's entertainment with no overlapping of old friends. Start with Fanny Brice's inimitable *Baby Snooks* (8, CBS). Then switch to NBC for the *Alan Young Show.* Stay tuned to NBC for *People Are Funny,* and at 9:30 set your dial for CBS, where *Durante and Moore* will be waiting for you. Finish up the evening with that good-natured lampooning of quiz shows, *It Pays To Be Ignorant,* on CBS.

Saturday night: Brooklyn takes over in the person of Bill Bendix, in his *Life of Riley,* to start the evening off in fine style (8, NBC). Nothing funny for a while—try your local stations, but be sure to come back to NBC at 9:30 for a Joe Miller session with *Can You Top This?,* and then spend a half-hour with the hill folks and *Judy Canova* (10, NBC).

Sunday night: "Night" for purposes of radio schedules, begins at 6 P.M. And that's where you'll begin your Sunday night comedy listening—make a choice between *Ozzie and Harriet,* (CBS) and *Those Websters,* (MBS). Between 6:30 and 7:30, NBC has no competitors in the comedy business—*Bob Burns* and *Jack Benny* fill that hour. At 7:30, you'll have to choose again—between CBS's *Blondie* and NBC's *Alice Faye-Phil Harris Bandwagon* program. Then the field's all NBC's again for another hour—first *Charlie McCarthy* and then *Fred Allen.*

Information

Step right up and ask your questions—if we don't know

INFORMATION BOOTH is the part of Radio Mirror for which you readers are responsible. The Editors of Radio Mirror are delighted with the stream of letters which come in from you concerning radio and radio personalities.

Each month we'll select the questions we think you would be most interested in having us answer. Watch Information Booth for the information you want; it's possible that someone else may have asked the same question a little before you got to it. But if you don't find your answer here, watch the mail; for we'll try to answer every letter that comes to us accompanied by the box on page 63. Be sure to include your full name and address; we'll use only your initials if we print your letter in Information Booth. Address Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Johnny Olsen

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?

Dear Editor:

Please, please tell me why we don't hear the Arthur Godfrey show as per usual at 10 A.M.—it was my favorite morning show and I sure do miss it. Also, why don't we hear more than half of the Johnny Olsen show, Ladies Be Seated? All we can get here in Chicago is some Rangers singing, and I would much rather hear Johnny.

Mrs. L. L.

Chicago, Ill.

Arthur Godfrey

This has puzzled and distressed many of you, about other programs as well. Unfortunately some sponsors have cut down on the number of stations they use for their programs. For this reason, several programs are not heard on as many stations as before. You should still be able to hear Arthur Godfrey's Tuesday night program, Talent Scouts, on CBS at 9:30. There may be a change in this time, and if so we shall duly report it. And you'll be glad to know that as of March 31st Johnny Olsen broadcasts from your own Chicago! The time is, of course, an hour earlier (2:00 to 2:30). Why don't you write to your Chicago ABC station to ask for tickets so you can attend a broadcast?

REPORT ON RYAN

Dear Editor:

Will you please set everyone's heart at ease and tell us what has happened to Tommy Ryan? Is he singing? Who with and where? Please tell us where he is and soothe some lonesome women.

Mrs. R. C. M.

Gardena, Calif.

Tommy Ryan is no longer strictly a singer. He has organized his own band and at last report was playing dance engagements.

Bob Haag

BUREAU OF ELUSIVE PERSONS

Dear Editor:

I'd like to know what has happened to Robert Haag, who played the part of Harry Davis in When a Girl Marries. I would also like to see a picture of Jack Berch.

Mrs. R. S.

Sugar Creek, Ohio

For Robert Haag the part in When a Girl Marries was a wartime venture. He left the cast when John Raby (the previous and present Harry Davis) came back from service. Here is a picture of Robert Haag and watch for a special feature on the Jack Berch show, with pictures.

OCTOBER, FOR AUTRY

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for five years and enjoy it very much. Would you kindly tell me if Corliss Archer is still on the air, and if so, what time? I would also like to know if Bert Craigen is still on the air; if he is, would you kindly tell me what time? I would also like to see pictures of Gene Autry and Archie Andrews and his friends. I would appreciate it very much if you would do this for me.

Miss F. T.

St. Stephen, N. B.

Gene Autry

As you may know by now, Corliss Archer has replaced Hildegarde on CBS, Sunday at 9 P.M. We couldn't find anything on Bert Craigen. Apparently he is (or was, as the case may be) on a local station in your area, and we suggest that you write to the station on which you heard him. There was a story (with pictures) about Gene Autry in the October '46 issue of Radio Mirror, but here he is again.

AULD LANG SYNE

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me if The O'Neills are on radio anywhere? If so, what station and time? I would also like to see Mother O'Neill and family appear in Radio Mirror very soon. And if I'm not asking too much, I'd like to see a picture of Penny Gibbs, who plays in Hearts in Harmony, in Radio Mirror as soon as possible. I am a faithful reader of Radio Mirror. Thank you.

Mrs. B. C.

Henderson, W. Va.

Kate McComb

The O'Neills are not on the air at present. And as this is written there is no promise of a return. But just for old times' sake, here is a picture of Kate McComb, who played Mother O'Neill. Penny Gibbs will be along later, in a Hearts In Harmony story in Radio Mirror—be sure to watch for it.

Booth

the answers we do know where to find them for you

Just Plain Bill

Cliff Arquette

ALL FOR FUN

Dear Editor:

What has become of Cliff Arquette, formerly heard on Glamor Manor? Is he in radio work now, and where can he be heard? I would appreciate an answer.

Mrs. S. J. R.

Rockwood, Pa.

Cliff Arquette has left radio, for the moment at least. His hobby for years was making wood carvings and marionettes, and now he has gone officially into the toy business in California. We miss him, and hope some day to have him back in radio.

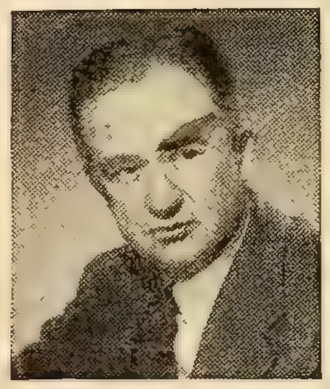
TOO MUCH NOISE?

Dear Editor:

My family are great lovers of the radio. But why do they play such blasting and distorted music, especially on detective stories? Then the announcer starts to shout at you, so by the time the program ends you wonder what it was about. I wish someone would find a way to manage the radio business so efficiently that it grows to be inspiring, and a blessing to all.

Mrs. J. B. P.

Los Angeles, Calif.



Lyman Bryson

Many of you have written us your ideas of what is wrong with radio. On his program, Time for Reason About Radio (CBS, Sunday at 1:30), Lyman Bryson discusses the various aspects of broadcasting. Why don't you send him your suggestions? He'll be glad to hear from you.

CHECK LOCAL STATIONS

Dear Editor:

I have just bought your latest issue of the Radio Mirror. I enjoyed it very much. Will you please tell me what has happened to Big Sister? I would like to see who plays the parts. Thank you for this courtesy.

Mrs. H. W.

Lupton City, Tenn.

Big Sister, like the program mentioned above, has gone off some of the local network stations, but she's still on the air. The leading role is now played by Grace Matthews, a Canadian radio actress. There was a picture of her in the April issue, but in case you missed it, here's another one for you. Here are the other members of the cast: Neddie Evans is played by Michael O'Day; John Wayne, by Paul McGrath; Reed Bannister, Berry Kroeger; Doctor Carvell, Santos Ortega; Diane Carvell, Elspeth Eric; Margo Ward Louise Fitch; Sam Ward, Gene Leonard; Perry Moore, Dick Widmark; and Hope Melton Evans is played by Ann Sheperd.

Grace Matthews

YES!

Dear Editor:

Most of the portraits of my favorite radio serials have appeared in recent copies of your magazine. but I would like to know if you plan to print the ones of Joyce Jordan, Young Widder Brown or Just Plain Bill sometime in the near future?

Mrs. A. M. B.

Gambrills, Md.

Young Widder Brown was featured in Living Portraits in the April issue. Did you see it? Joyce Jordan and Just Plain Bill will appear, both of them, in the July issue—watch for 'em. Here's a sort of coming-attractions picture of Bill and his daughter Nancy.

SORRY WE CAN'T HELP

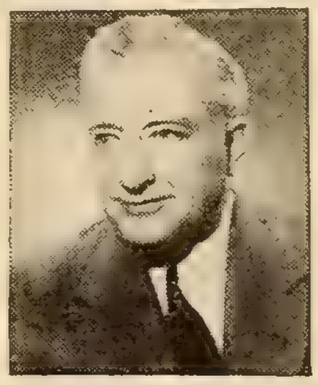
Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me what has happened to my favorite radio program, Those We Love, starring Donald Woods and Nan Grey? My whole family used to listen to it all the time and then (in 1945, I think) they went off on a vacation and never came back. It seems a shame that such a good program should not be heard, and I wish you'd let me know what I could do or who I could write to to get it back on the air. Thank you for having such a nice magazine and please let me know about my favorite program.

Mrs. E. L. C.

Hattiesburg, Miss.

Unfortunately, it looks as though the vacation may be permanent. The program is still off the air with no indication that it will return. Those We Love first went on the air in 1939, as a summer replacement for Eddie Cantor. It was so popular with its listeners that it remained a regular radio feature. Francis X. Bushman was one of the original cast. Donald Woods and Nan Grey, both leading players in the program, have left radio for the movies. Perhaps some day Those We Love will again be put on the air as a summer replacement—and stay again through several seasons for those who liked the program and miss it, as so many do.



Francis X. Bushman

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—Sometimes, in spite of all our efforts, a request-letter is mixed in with other mail—and we don't want that to happen any more than you do. So, will you help us by clipping this box and attaching it to your Information Booth letter? That way we'll know at a glance that you're an information-seeker, and we'll be able to give much quicker service on answers—either by printing your letter on these pages, or by an answer delivered through the mail. Important: No letters can be answered or considered for Information Booth unless accompanied by this box.

Mary Livingston, Peggy Lee, Jack Benny and his fiddle join Skitch at the piano. Maybe it wasn't music, but it was fun!

Skitchy Fingers

Behind Skitch—in more ways than one—is his good friend Sinatra. They're an unbeatable disc combination.

WITHOUT a doubt, Skitch Henderson is enjoying the most star-spangled rehabilitation program ever proffered a returned combat veteran of World War II. Bing Crosby, on whose program Skitch's keyboard artistry is spotlighted (ABC, Wednesdays, 10 P.M., EDT) is only one-third of the "Let's Get Behind Henderson" group. Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope complete the dream-team.

In addition to being featured on Bing's show, Skitch travels at top speed around the gilded gulleys of Hollywood, performing as—take a breath—a new bandleading ace for Capitol Records; musical director of ABC's I Deal in Crime (Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.); composing the musical background and "ghosting" at the piano for Jimmy Stewart in "A Miracle Can Happen"; making guest appearances with Sinatra and other radio headliners; discussing movie contracts with three studios; and whipping his orchestra into shape for a tour of the country with a wind-up at a top New York supper club. Whew!

And this was the young man who did an extra special job of piloting a B-29 through the sky over Japan, because he was so mad at the Nazis and Japanese for ruining a career that just got started.

Lyle Cedric "Skitch" Henderson was born in Birmingham, England, 27 years ago. His father, a member of the British Embassy's diplomatic corps, sat his son to a piano as soon as he was able to reach the keyboard. As a result, Skitch's schooling centered around the music masters, mainly at London's Lords School of Music, where he was learning to be a concert pianist. One of his instructors was the celebrated Albert Coates, who probably remembers Skitch (if at all) because Skitch was the only student he ever had who managed to stick himself in the eye with a baton.

When he was sixteen, Skitch set out on his own and came to the United States, still bent on a concert career. But Skitch stubbed his toes on some Duke Ellington music and that was the end of that. Cliff Edwards gave Skitch his first break as a professional. After that vaudeville tour, Skitch was soon and in rapid succession playing the piano for orchestras led by men like Glen Gray, Skinnay Ennis, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw. Bob Hope talked Skitch into going to Hollywood, where he was house conductor and pianist for NBC.

Around Hollywood, where anatomical trademarks have become the latest fashion, Skitch is known as "The Hands." The bobbysoxers are beginning to follow his band dates. Skitch has what it takes and he's got ideas to boot. Maybe the bobbysoxers don't realize it, but Skitchy is subtly wooing them away from the jitterbug frenzies into a much more dignified—and pleasurable kind of dancing. After all, who can be romantic, being flung over her partner's left shoulder in the middle of every three bars?

New! Blush-cleanse your face – *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

—an instant softer, silkier feel

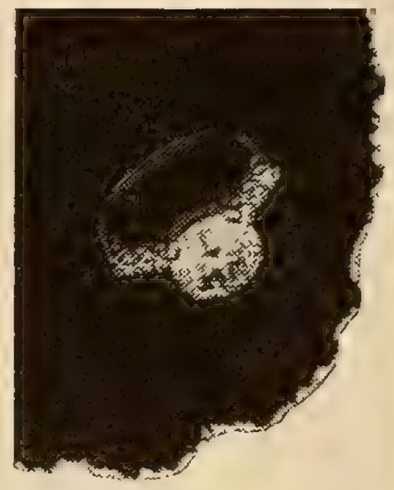
—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight—with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing—your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night,* this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning,* a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!



HER RING—the large center diamond is flanked by 3 diamonds on either side

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Miss Clara Malone Jones, daughter of the internationally famous golfer and Mrs. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., is engaged to William Harman Black, II. Their wedding unites two of Atlanta's most prominent families.

Dark eyes, dark hair are in arresting contrast to the cool, milk-china whiteness of her fine, smooth complexion. "I just love the new blush-cleanse way to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "I *especially like* the way it leaves my naturally pale skin with a faint glow, and feeling *so soft.*"

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get your Pond's Cold Cream today—a big, bountiful 6-ounce jar!

CLARA MALONE JONES—photographed in the hall of her beautiful Atlanta home

Diamonds and Pond's! Round diamonds like those in Clara Jones' lovely ring, a charming pointed marquise, brilliant emerald-cut diamonds.

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

H. H. PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO

MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III — MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT

THE COUNTESS OF NORMANTON

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT — MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.

R
M

your hand in his

Scale decorations to size: on Patti Clayton's long fingers, dark polish, outsize ring are stunning.

RINGED at last, and "for keeps"! As you glance lovingly at your diamond, and, if you're already a wife, at your wedding ring, are you as proud of your hands as you are of your rings?

Patti Clayton, who is married to Ace Ochs, director of her two radio shows, Waitin' for Clayton and Bouquet for You, takes good care of her hands. She scrubs them daily with warm, soapy water and a hand brush. Always, after each hand-washing, she applies a hand lotion. The new hand creams and lotions are beautifully blended with softening, whitening, and protective ingredients, and you, like Patti, should use one all the year 'round.

Patti's unusual ring is a copy of a Russian puzzle ring. It is of pink gold, and has five large links intricately wound together. On her large, long-fingered hands, it looks stunning.

Gwen Davis, another CBS actress, is heard on Let's Pretend and Aunt Jenny. A sentimental girl, she never removes her wedding ring. It's a plain, yellow-gold band, becoming to her short-fingered hands. For housework, Gwen wears rubber gloves, and uses an extra amount of hand cream or lotion. When removing her make-up with cold cream at night, she rubs a little cream on her hands.

Phyllis Creore, CBS's We, the People and Theater of the Air actress, recommends a good hand cream *before* doing a dirty job, as well as afterwards. Phyllis' hands are long and slender. Her wedding ring is a narrow gold band.

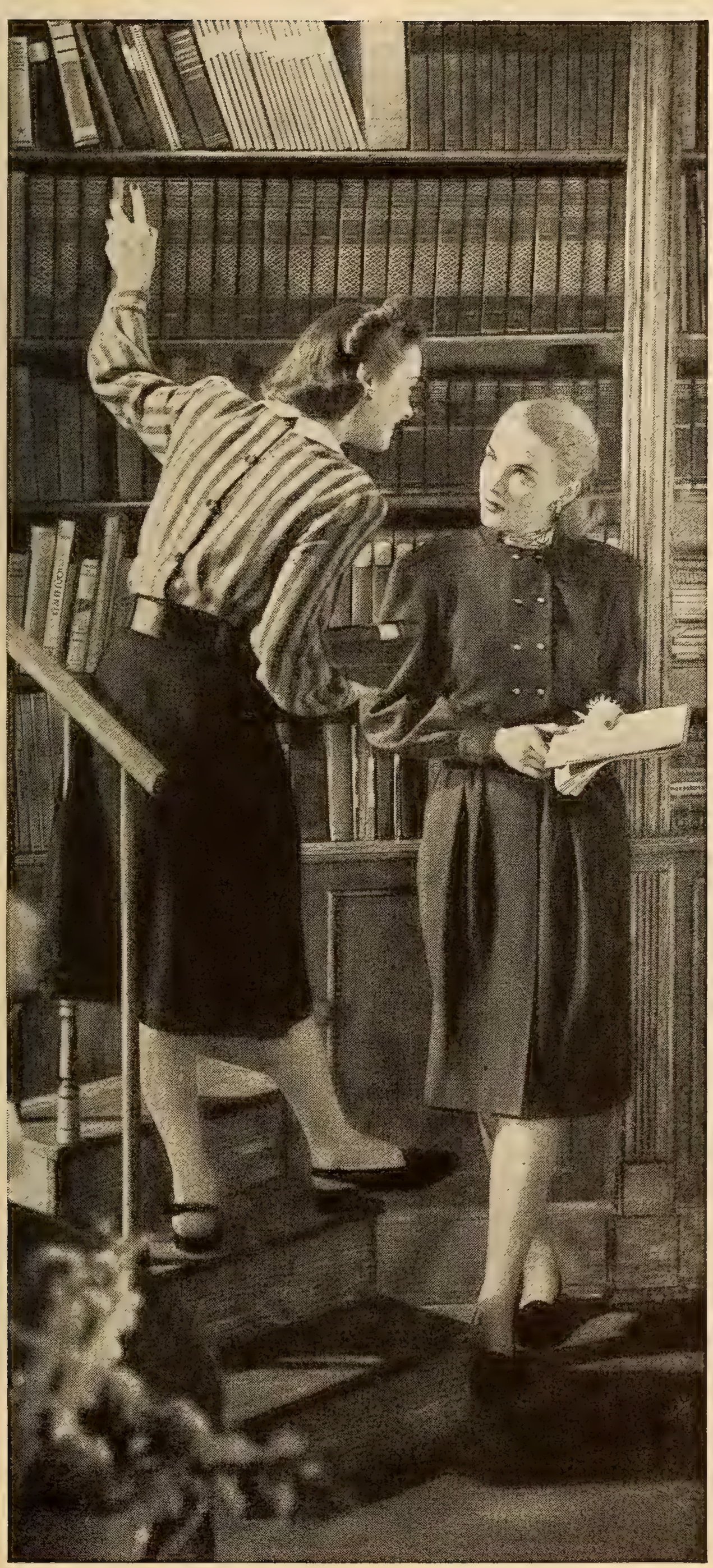
The handsomest rings show up to best advantage—*only* if you give your hands the same tender, loving care that you give your husband!

Wedding-day smoothness means every-day care.

Train hands to move and rest with grace.

By MARY JANE FULTON

Who said nothing could astonish a secretary?



Office girls test new napkin—
82 out of 103 report no chafing
with new Free-Stride Modess!

East, West, North, South—the bright girls who smooth the path of business have made a smooth discovery for *you!*

It all started when stenographers, typists, clerks—girls who had suffered chafing with their regular napkin—were asked to test a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the brand or name. They were simply asked to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

Here are the astonishing results: 82 out of 103 girls reported *no chafing with new Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort which so many smart young business women found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

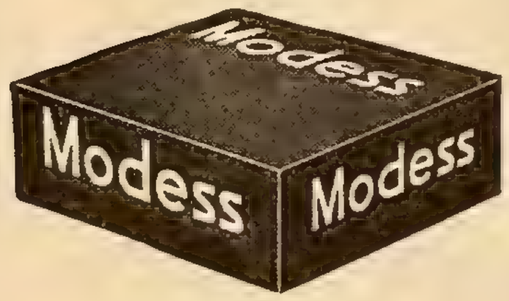
Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton—*extra* softness on its edges—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. (And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!)

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield—a wonderful guard against accidents. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you fresh as spring. No telltale outlines with *Free-Stride* Modess—it's *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin now. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-stride Modess!

R
M

"Beautiful?"

"Yes! HOW MUCH?"

"GUESS!"

THE DRAPES		THE WINDOW SHADE	
$25.00	?	$ 3.00	?
$12.95		$ 1.25	
$ 4.98		$ .69	
$ .98		$ .39	

THE ANSWERS

THE DRAPES: They're CLOPAY Lintoned Drapes of genuine plasticized cellulose that looks and hangs like expensive cloth. They're a full 2⅔ yards long with matching tie backs, automatic pleater and reinforced edges. You'll scarcely believe it but they cost only..... **98c** pr.

THE WINDOW SHADE: A CLOPAY oil finish washable shade, Lintone-processed to look like fine cloth. Ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools, only **39c**

Other CLOPAY shades as low as 19c. On rollers about 20c more.

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CLOPAY

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

At 5 and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores.

I Took A Hollywood Tour

(*Continued from page* 21)

as one of the day's winners on Hollywood Tour. And more than that. For not only were the doors to movieland opened for me . . . but the door to my ambition for a radio career as well.

I had come to Hollywood for the usual reason . . . a vacation. It seems to me that half the people in California are here on "extended" vacations. A few days that turned into thirty or forty years. But . . . I had come for a chance at that career too.

After my separation from the Service I was restless and dissatisfied. Like many other Servicewomen who found it difficult to step out of uniform and back into a kitchen or behind a typewriter, I couldn't seem to work up much enthusiasm about donning my civilian nurse's uniform again. I have the utmost respect for the nursing profession and I may go back to it . . . but at this time I prescribed for myself a change. And in my case . . . radio.

NURSING had always been my life. Ever since childhood, when we lived in Jamaica, Long Island, where my father worked for the Civil Service as a letter carrier, and I spent all my time after school "playing nurse" . . . nursing a doll or a pet of some kind. Upon graduating from the Jamaica Hospital School of Nursing, I became affiliated with the Willard Parker Hospital in New York City, and later worked with the New York City Health Department as school and clinic nurse.

On February 13, 1943 I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Army Nurse's Corps. During the war I was stationed at Gulfport, Mississippi, Greenville, South Carolina, and Venice, Florida, with the Army Air Forces. And during those years I had reason to really appreciate all fields of entertainment . . . motion picture, live talent, and radio shows . . . for their morale-building value with the boys. Particularly with patients who were bed-fast.

On my separation from the Service at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, I returned to my old job with the New York City Public Health Department, but I just couldn't get the same feeling about my work I'd had before.

To add to my personal indecision was a marriage that had gotten away from me. For the reason marriages usually get away from people . . . a clash of temperaments. My husband and I were separated before we both went into the Service. He distinguished himself overseas with an anti-aircraft division and was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic action in helping set up the Rhine River crossing. While overseas he fell in love with . . . and later married . . . an English girl . . . an ambulance driver in the British Forces. There's nothing unusual about this. Many American women have experienced the same situation.

One day I came across an advertisement in the Registered Nurse Magazine, requesting any registered nurses who were interested to send photographs and information about themselves to the Ruthrauff & Ryan advertising agency in New York regarding a nurse's role on a radio show.

It turned out to be The Mayor of the Town program. I wrote the agency, mentioning plans for a trip to Hollywood. They replied, suggesting I contact their agency office immediately upon my arrival in movieland. Which I did . . . only to find that I was one day too late for a chance at the role. The agent in charge of interviewing nurses had gone back to New York just the day before, taking with him all records of voices and all photographs, including those of his choice, a California girl.

This disappointment only further helped build up my determination for a radio career. But I was to find mine a very difficult quest. All doors were closed.

As a "tourist," I appreciated the beauty of Hollywood . . . with its palm trees, flashing kleig lights, various glamor spots, and the hills with ice cream-colored houses hanging on the edges of them. But even to a tourist, "Hollywood," means motion picture studios and film stars. And it's a little heartbreaking to be in the heart of the film capital and not be able to get behind the walls that surround them.

So you can imagine what a thrill it was . . . gliding right through the gates unstopped . . . in that Tanner limousine.

I had gone to the guest relations office of the American Broadcasting Company that morning to ask for tickets for a Bing Crosby broadcast, but they were unavailable. The girl in charge suggested the exciting new Hollywood Tour show instead. "You have a chance at winning a studio tour," she said. "Oh no . . . not me," I told her, "I've never won anything in my life. Not even a free ride on a merry-go-round."

But I had been reading Cal York's column in *Photoplay* magazine for years, and the program sounded like fun . . . so I asked for a ticket. One was sent me . . . I went . . . and won. The movie quiz questions which I answered correctly included: "In what picture does Olivia de Havilland play twins?" . . . "What movie star recently had twins?" . . . and, "What was the name of the picture in which Bette Davis portrayed twins?" You could probably answer them too. If so . . . I'm glad you weren't there.

IT seemed like a dream . . . a movie dream . . . stepping into that limousine, whizzing along Sunset Boulevard to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, and on through the same gate Cary Grant, Dana Andrews and other stars use.

Driving along the studio street to the exclusive Goldwyn Room, the executives' dining room where we were to have lunch, we passed Cary Grant, Monte Woolley and David Niven! They were walking back to the sound stage where they are making "The Bishop's Wife." I'm sure I did what you'd do if you suddenly saw Cary Grant . . . I waved. He gave a friendly wave back . . . and I returned it . . . after all, I'd started it.

We were guests of Producer Seymour Nebenzal that day, and had a luncheon date with Jorja Curtright, film actress featured in the Nebenzal production, "Heaven Only Knows."

After leaving Cary Grant, it was difficult to come back down to a material item like food . . . that is, until we got inside the dining room . . . and there lending all his continental charm to a cup of coffee was Charles Boyer! One look at him carried me back to the Casbah. As he was leaving Boyer stopped by our group and we were in-

troduced to him. I kept thinking . . . if the girls back in Ward "G" could only see me now! The star was made up for his role in "Arch of Triumph," and explained his studio, Enterprise, was using the Goldwyn lot for the final shots on that film. He mentioned, in leaving, that he was going on a trip to Paris before long.

As a matter of fact, we did some traveling ourselves that afternoon on Hollywood Tour. Distances are nothing in any motion picture studio. You can step across the street from Paris to Montana, swing around Germany, see what they do in Rio, and drop back by the Sahara desert all in one afternoon.

With Jorja Curtright as our glamorous guide, we walked a few yards from the dining room to Glacier, Montana, an entire fictional western town, built by Nebenzal Productions at a cost of $75,000 for "Heaven Only Knows." It was a typical Montana town of the 1890's, with a "Tonsorial Parlor," a church, livery stables, a city hall, stage depot, and an imposing structure called "Bernstein's Emporium," a general merchandise store where evidently you could purchase anything for man, woman, or beast.

AS a nurse, I was especially interested in visiting the local doctor's "office." But the doctor was out . . . and so was everything else. I walked through the door into sunshine and a web of rough timber. The buildings are made of plaster and look amazingly real . . . until you knock on one or look behind it. They put their best faces forward . . . and the backs look like a mass of two-by-fours in a fight. A little bewildering maybe, but an insight behind the magical genius of movie-making.

Jorja explained that the interiors of the buildings they needed were reconstructed on sound stages. That only exterior shots were made on the streets.

We visited the big copper mine owned by Brian Donlevy and Bill Goodwin in the picture, a mine which I understand cost the studio $25,000 to build and had to be "aged down" to a dirty grey after they'd built it.

We saw the blackened remains of the "Copper Queen," a gambling hall and saloon owned by Donlevy in the picture and burned by Goodwin in a moment of jealous frenzy. It was burnt, we found, by controlled flames that can be turned off and on at will.

We were glad the flames hadn't been turned on inside the "Copper Queen" yet. For that was our next stop. Funny after seeing the ruins outside, to go inside the motion picture sound stage, a structure that looks like an airplane hangar with cement walls two feet thick, and find the saloon still alive and going full blast. They don't shoot films in sequence and the scene we witnessed was shot after the fire had already burned up the place . . . on the back lot.

Inside the sound stage, we walked by the trailer dressing rooms occupied by Robert Cummings, Marjorie Reynolds, and Brian Donlevy, and on into the interior of "The Copper Queen," where technicians were "lining up the shot," as they call it. The camera and giant kleig lights were being focused on the stand-ins of the stars. "First team!" called the assistant director. Director Albert Rogell gave last minute directions to them. Then came the magical words we'd read about so long . . . "Lights! Camera! Action!"

The scene being filmed was in Brian Donlevy's office adjoining the saloon,

'Mess' call, 1947

Take a robust boy, aged eight or thereabouts, add one inquisitive pooch, stir in a soft Spring day—and what have you got? A job for Fels-Naptha, of course!

It's a fact—and most mothers know it—there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap for washing grimy garments. Clothes that look hopelessly soiled come out of Fels-Naptha suds clean and fresh. And you needn't rub them ragged to do it.

It's the combination of active Fels naptha and good mild soap that dislodges dirt—deep down in the fabric—and gently washes it away. Whether you're doing heavy work clothes or perishable dresses, you can wash them cleaner and quicker with Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

NEW SIZE!

NEW COMFORT!

Let me send you a trial package of new Slender Meds! REGULAR absorbency most mature women need. *Extra easy* to insert! You'll hardly believe such comfort!

See what Meds give you:

- "SAFETY-WELL" designed for your extra protection
- COTTON of high-test absorbency, soft and fine
- EXPANSION—mostly sidewise—to avoid pressure
- APPLICATORS—dainty, firm, easy to use

Enjoy new comfort "next time"! Mail the coupon today for your Slender Meds!

Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency and extra ease-of-use *(in light blue box)* • De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency for greater need *(in dark blue box)*

29¢ for 10 in applicators

RM-6

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the trial package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Meds are made by Personal Products Corporation.

and pretty blond Marjorie Reynolds (dressed for her role as a torch singer), was having Bob Cummings model the Western clothes he had on.

Bob Cummings then took us on a tour of Donlevy's gambling establishment, pointed out the various old-fashioned slot machines, and even tried our luck on one of them. Nothing came out . . . but as far as we were concerned . . . we'd already hit the jackpot anyway.

He's one of my film favorites, and his friendliness and naturalness put all of us completely at ease. We might have just bumped into each other at the hometown newspaper stand on Times Square.

He talked about his wife, Mary, and his baby son, Bob, Jr. And gave us a detailed account of taking the baby up for his first plane ride the day before. "Wasn't he impressed with his famous flying father?" I asked. "No," grinned Bob. "I'd hoped he would be. Even had a little flying suit made like mine for him. But he just sat there and yawned, apparently bored to death with the whole thing."

We met Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Reynolds too, and found them both equally hospitable. It's a double thrill to see motion picture stars and find them just as real as you'd always hoped they would be.

Stepping back on the magic carpet of our Hollywood Tour, we went from Glacier, Montana, to Africa, where we joined Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont, Dennis O'Keefe and Milada Mladova in the "Lost Kingdom of Atlantis." In no time at all, I was leaning back against the lush divans of the queen's quarters (cut out of the side of a mountain) talking to Dennis O'Keefe and Mladova, whom I remembered as a fine dancer with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

Mladova portrays Maria Montez's handmaiden in the picture. And she told me that in the next scene she would be hurling herself over the rock cliffs (outside the queen's palace) to her death. It all sounded a little grim and I thought maybe they'd be needing a nurse, until she explained the "cliffs" were only five feet high, and that she would be jumping onto a mattress.

Then we met the charming Jean Pierre Aumont and his gorgeous Maria Montez, who personifies what the word "Hollywood" means to the fan world . . . beauty, glamor, a gorgeous figure, name it and she has it. In her role as Queen Antinea in "Atlantis," Maria was wearing a revealing gold lame and brown jersey gown, gold sandals, her brown hair falling down her back. She looked out of this world . . . as she is supposed to be as the queen of "The Lost Kingdom." No wonder, I thought, fifty-two men died of love for her . . . as they do in this picture. No wonder, too, that there's an aura of golden glamor around the Atlantic legend. If their real queens looked anything like Mrs. Aumont—!

Standing there talking to "Queen" Maria, in quarters guarded by fierce-looking extras made up for native troops called "Tauregs," waiting for a girl to hurl herself to death over a cliff onto the desert . . . I kept thinking you never know what will happen when you go on a Hollywood Tour.

But the magic of movieland had just begun.

The next day Cal York, *Photoplay* magazine's columnist and m.c., interviewed me on the program. Under his reassuring mike guidance, I retraced my tour of the day before, and threw in a little of my own hopes and background.

And Dick Woolen, American Broadcasting Company producer, offered me my first chance . . . a job on his radio program, A Music Library, a comedy show with music. I don't mind telling you that I felt as though I'd taken that jump over the cliff too. I was stunned. I'd known Hollywood was magic, but who expected it to work for me?

The gates were opened. I was in . . . at least a little of the way! And the first step to the mike is the toughest. All of which proves again that anything can happen in Hollywood . . . especially on a Hollywood Tour. I don't know, yet, what I'll be doing a few weeks from now, but somehow I'm sure of one thing—Hollywood Tour was one of the nicest, one of the most inspirational things that has happened to me in a long time. I won't soon forget it—and somehow I think it's going to influence my future in a wonderful way. You never can tell!

MAKE YOUR LIFE WORTHWHILE—
WAKE UP WITH A SMILE!!

MON. THRU FRI. MORNINGS ABC

*AMERICA'S FAVORITE MORNING VARIETY PROGRAM

READ DON McNEILL'S TRUE STORY IN THE CURRENT TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Romance... in the eight radiant NEW shades of EVENING IN PARIS "2-0-8" FACE POWDER!

Allure... in the intensified fragrance of EVENING IN PARIS perfume!

Beauty... in the vitalized texture of "2-0-8" FACE POWDER... it covers and it clings and it covers and it clings!

Choose your own shade through this clear-base box ...exclusive with Bourjois.

"... makes you lovelier

... and LOVELIER

... and LOVELIER!"

"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois. A modern miracle of jet-propulsion infuses the powder with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute... creating a face powder of richer color, finer texture, greater covering power, to make YOU lovelier than you ever dreamed.

$1 plus tax

NEW *Evening in Paris* Face Powder by BOURJOIS

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says "None of our friends could tell our permanents apart—can you? (See answer below) My Toni wave was soft and natural looking the very first day. That's why Sis is sold on Toni, too, for her next permanent."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight!

You'll beam with happiness when your mirror reflects your lovely Toni Home Permanent—deep, graceful waves, heavenly soft and so natural looking! No trick to giving yourself a Toni, either. Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. Takes only 2 to 3 hours, right at home . . . no sitting under a hot dryer. Your Toni is frizz-free and easy to manage from the start . . . lasts as long as a $15 permanent. That's why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. That's why you'll want to get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters. Consuelo, the twin at the right, is the one with the Toni Home Permanent. Did you guess?

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
$2.00	$1.25	$1.00

All prices plus tax • Slightly higher prices in Canada

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

"Give Us Family Life"

(*Continued from page 29*)

would drive an antique collector mad, for it houses the really fine collection of old china and glass which the Bakers collected when they were in England in 1938. The most meticulous hostesses would admire the dishes and glassware and sterling silver, each piece of which is adorned with Mrs. Baker's favorite wheat design. Nevertheless the dining room, except for the Forgotten Drawing Room, is the least lived-in-looking spot in the house.

But take a look at the rooms where the living goes on, and you see the real heart of the place.

Friendliest spot is the enormous playroom. Everything about the room is oversize—the fieldstone fireplace which occupies almost a whole wall and burns five-foot logs, the twelve-foot "Elves in California" mural by E. Thogan Norling, and the ten-foot brown and lime striped sofa which goes under it.

The chairs, carrying out the cheerful brown and lime and yellow color scheme are big as well, and sturdy enough to survive the climbing feet of all the young Bakers and their friends. In this room, too, is one of Kenny's prized German Bluthner pianos—the instrument built by master craftsmen especially for singers, with an extra string which vibrates with the voice.

UPSTAIRS the bedrooms are similarly informal and friendly. The children's rooms are in a constant process of redecoration, as new hobbies and "collections" come into favor.

Kenny Junior, probably because he is the oldest, is the family's No. One collector. Currently—as the aquaria and the Indian relics recede—the collection is a box of curia which his father calls rocks, but which Kenny catalogues and describes fluently piece by piece as prehistoric shells, fossilized bone, lead, iron, quartz. Some of these he found on the floor of the eucalyptus grove which serves as a windbreak for the house—others came from the ranch the family owned during the war years in Santa Barbara County. His father can laugh if he wants to. The collection contains two or three really "important" specimens.

Kenny also is responsible for the family pets, Lady Linda, the cocker spaniel, and Sir Mickey Mouser of Lake Glen Drive, the cat. Mrs. Baker thinks all children should have pets, *if* they will take care of them.

Suzie goes in for collecting like her big brother. Her hobby is dolls, from all the countries of the world. Half a dozen cupboards are needed in her frilly pink and white bedroom to house them. They all have their own names, their own personalities. Suzie is very proud of her big family.

Johnny is still too little for hobbies, a fact which makes for frustration. The visitor who tarries too long over the "rocks" or the doll collection is pulled and tugged away to Johnny's room, to view Johnny's exhibit—Teddy—a battered teddy bear. Teddy is worn to a thin fuzz from Johnny's loving attention. Johnny doesn't know it, but very few Hollywood children are allowed to keep their toys long enough for them to become worn and messy enough to be interesting. In other homes, Kenny's rocks would be thrown out as "dirty," the dolls shipped off at intervals to make room for newer, more expensive arrivals, and Teddy would have been

consigned to the Good Will barrel long before he reached his current lovable condition. The Bakers' trio of small-fry are lucky small fry indeed.

The Bakers' own room is as personal and charming as the children's. Quaint as well as pretty with its old-fashioned blue and beige flowered wallpaper and white organdy curtains, it exudes comfort and peace. Every piece of furniture is big and comfortable, especially the antique canopied four-poster.

Kenny does his work—his rehearsing and the family bookkeeping—in a combination music room and study just off the playroom downstairs.

The bookkeeping probably is the thornier task. A recent sticky problem arose when Kenny broke all the Hollywood rules by selling his Santa Barbara ranch at a profit. (Hollywoodites, in case you hadn't heard, buy these "properties" to lose money, and thus cut down their income tax.)

The Bakers' ranch, which Kenny ran himself, by the way, was a bad proposition, looked at from the money-losing angle. All during the war it provided enough meat and eggs and butter and fresh fruit and vegetables to strain the capacity of the family freeze box. Its stock of Purebred Herefords thrived so substantially that the calves sold on the average for $400 apiece, which is not—or is it?—hay.

Kenny, breaking another Hollywood rule, does not bemoan the high taxes people in his income bracket have to pay.

"I SUPPOSE you can get discouraged," he said, "if all you care about is money. But, look . . . how many meals can one man eat a day? Can he wear more than one shirt at a time?

"I think I would have to be awfully selfish and blind not to realize that my family is better fed, better housed, better clothed than ninety-nine percent of the families in the world. What's the matter with people? Can you get so rich you can forget this is a nice country?"

The Bakers, as Kenny will be the first to concede, don't have to worry too much. They get along. And they have been getting along, pretty consistently, since Kenny won the Texaco vocal contest in 1934.

"But I didn't marry him for his money," Geraldyne will put in quickly if someone is too impressed with the big house and the big view and all the accessories—the swimming pool, the conservatory, the photography room over the garage, the gas tank and electric air pump ("See, free air," brags Kenny, Jr.) in the basement.

When the Bakers were married in 1933 both were students at Long Beach Junior College. Kenny made enough money to pay his tuition if not much else by singing on Sundays at the Brethren Church and doing odd jobs. The only radio singing he did was for free—a fifteen-minute program once a week over Station KFOX.

After the contest, the breaks came fast—first a season as soloist at the Coconut Grove, then discovery by Jack Benny, and three seasons as the singer on Benny's show. By 1937, a sponsor was ready to hire him—at a fat figure. And Kenny and Geraldyne were ready to build their big, homey house for which they had long been making plans.

Characteristically, they turned their back on the whole project once it started and went to England for the whole time the house was under construction. They had planned concisely. They trusted their architect, L. G.

new! So bewitching...it's dangerous!

Woodbury *Fiesta*

Here and now . . . new spark, new verve, new color! Your skin glows *alive* with Woodbury Fiesta Powder. High-spirited shade . . . reckless with beauty. Break your date with the humdrum—today, meet Fiesta! Lasting *cling!* Color-*freshness!* Fiesta was born with both. For your free "try-on" sample, mail coupon below today.

Esther Williams starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Fiesta"

That rosy-sparkle on her skin? It's yours . . . with Woodbury Fiesta.

Woodbury *film-finish* Powder

Fiesta and 8 other Star shades come "Purse" size for 25c and 10c

WOODBURY MATCHED MAKE-UP. With Fiesta Film-Finis Powder, you also get Fiesta Lipstick and Rouge ... **all 3** in the dollar Powder box—**only $1.00.**

Free Sample **FIESTA POWDER ... so beautifying**

See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbu Powder Sampler (contains Fiesta, eight other flatterir shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print nam address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohi

32

NAME.....

STREET.....

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Now life at the sink is shorter and sweeter!

Those endless hours —scraping food from scorched aluminum! Those weary wrists — that thread-bare temper! Gone forever —since I got S.O.S. to help me whisk through that job . . .

. . . dip, rub, rinse — like magic, stains, grease and scorches vanish. Shines appear. S.O.S. is *complete* — it's the only cleanser I need. The soap's in the pad. Really, there's no other cleanser just like it!

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Scherer. When they came home (Kenny had filmed "The Mikado" during their absence) their new home was ready to live in. Flowers were blooming in the greenhouse and the refrigerator was full in the shining all-electrical kitchen.

They love their house, and why shouldn't they? Family life as they live it and love it is eloquently expressed in its spirit and its design. Conversely, the house never stops them when there is work to do or fun to have at the other end of the country.

When Kenny went east for the Fred Allen show, and stayed three years—the last of which he spent starring with Mary Martin in "One Touch of Venus" on Broadway—Geraldyne simply dust-covered the furniture and shut up the house on the hill, turned the key and left it.

"Sure it was expensive," she explains. "But not as expensive as it would have been to fix it up after renters had wrecked it." And Kenny adds that it was worth any expense and inconvenience for his kids to learn to know and love the East.

Ultimately, he wants the children to know and love the whole United States —and the family vacations are planned with this goal in mind.

THE family's newest—and proudest—acquisition is a streamlined, super-modern, all-aluminum auto trailer in which all five have just toured Brice Canyon and Zion National Park. The trailer has everything! Including two beds, one seven-footer which sleeps all three children, and a standard-sized bed for their parents. Best part is the plexi-glas observation window in the back from which the young Bakers can watch the world whizz by. The children are seasoned travelers. Kenny and Geraldyne started taking them on fishing and camping trips in the mountains as soon as they were out of rompers—now they are old hands at roughing it.

Kenny is a little jealous of his children for the fun they have. When he was growing up, his parents didn't have the money or the leisure to ramble around the countryside with the family.

And college—Kenny Jr. and Suzie and Johnny will have that too. College seems inordinately important and desirable to the elder Kenny because he "didn't have enough sense" to finish his own college career.

What colleges his children will choose—Kenny so far wants to be a carpenter; Suzie a "cowgirl or ballet dancer"—will be up to them. Kenny wants them to "learn something a man could put to use." Like farming. Kenny Baker, one of the country's most successful entertainers, always wanted to be a big-time farmer!

It is possible that young Kenny's ambitions will develop within the years between sixth grade, where he is now, and freshman year in college. He has an extremely curious, scientific mind, which may find carpentry limiting.

The day RADIO MIRROR visited the family he was performing a rather intricate experiment with a garden snail. The creature was attached, via adhesive tape and string, to one of Johnny's toy trucks. By adding tiny weights, one at a time, Kenny was attempting to find out exactly how much cargo the straining snail could pull. The result was amazing. "At least 1½ pounds," the young physicist reported after a serious hour of calculations.

That's the way it is with all the Bakers. There's never any time for the frivolities. But all the time in the world to get at the real stuff of life.

Magic By Milena

(*Continued from page* 39)

Corporation of America—the biggest talent agency in show business. They signed her up. Inside of two weeks she was singing in a smart supper club. Inside of three months she was on a coast-to-coast radio program, Broadway Matinee, singing the same two songs she had sung in Atlantic City.

So, in the taxi leaving the broadcast, she decided maybe it was time she took a few singing lessons!

This was only two and a half years ago. Since then she has worked back-breakingly hard on her voice. She has also cancelled all family financial help; since she moved into the Waldorf she has earned her own way. Some day she hopes to sing in musical comedies on the screen, and to be married, and to have dozens of children.

BUT meanwhile she is happy with her life as it is. She loves thinking up Miller beauty touches. For instance, she always sets her blonde hair with ale. "This makes your hair much fluffier and thicker looking," she reports. Also she loves dressing up plain suits with a bright silk kerchief looped around her throat—and held in place, over the knot, by a big-stoned ring that camouflages as a clip. "My favorite is a royal blue kerchief, with my big topaz ring slipped over it," she says. Also, she is a great believer in saturating bits of cotton in perfume and pinning them to her underthings so as to radiate perfume continually throughout the day.

Her closets look like the stock-rooms of a store—in them hang dozens of black afternoon dresses, and suits in gray, green, and blue. Not to mention the voluminous evening gowns, or the many, many hats designed by M. Miller herself. Result of all this? She's been chosen "The Best Dressed Girl in Radio."

"Yes, my dress designing days helped me a lot," she says now. "But so did my modeling. I learned so much about make-up from modeling."

Here is her biggest make-up trick: wear three different shades of pancake make-up at once. But let her explain how: "I use a basic pancake first, smoothing it carefully all over my face. Then I use a darker pancake for shadowing around my cheekbones and nose—this makes my nose and face look narrower. Finally, I use a lighter shade of pancake for highlighting my cheeks and between my eyebrows. The whole effect—once you've learned how to do it—is to make your face sort of glow."

Well, maybe it's her make-up and maybe it's not. But there's no doubt about Milena's glowing. Nor is there any doubt that her Waldorf family glows as she comes and goes every day in her 2,000 room home in New York!

What singer practiced in the biggest studio in the world?

ROBERT MERRILL

who tells about it in the

JULY RADIO MIRROR

on sale June 11th

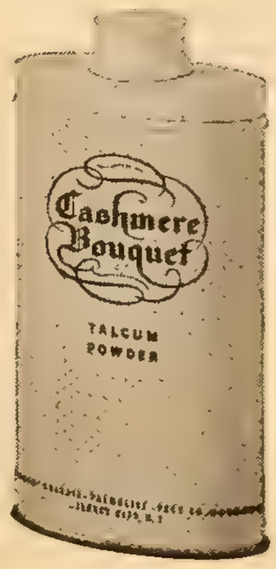
with this truly luxurious talcum powder

KEEP FRESH! After your bath, shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Smooth it into every curve and ripple. Now you're *gloriously*, fragrantly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! Be sure to give chafable places, and trouble spots *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Your skin will be grateful for that silken-smooth sheath of protection. And girdles slip on like magic.

STAY DAINTY! Pamper your body *often* with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. An inexpensive luxury! It points up your feminine allure with the *fragrance men love.*

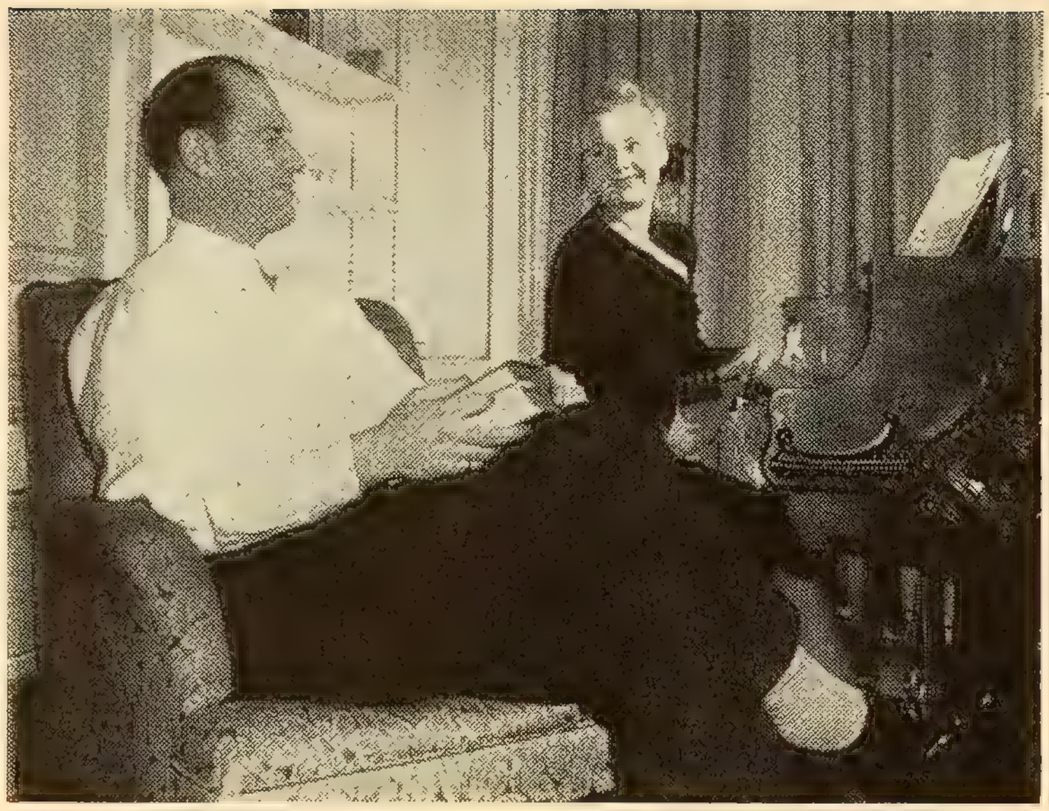
Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

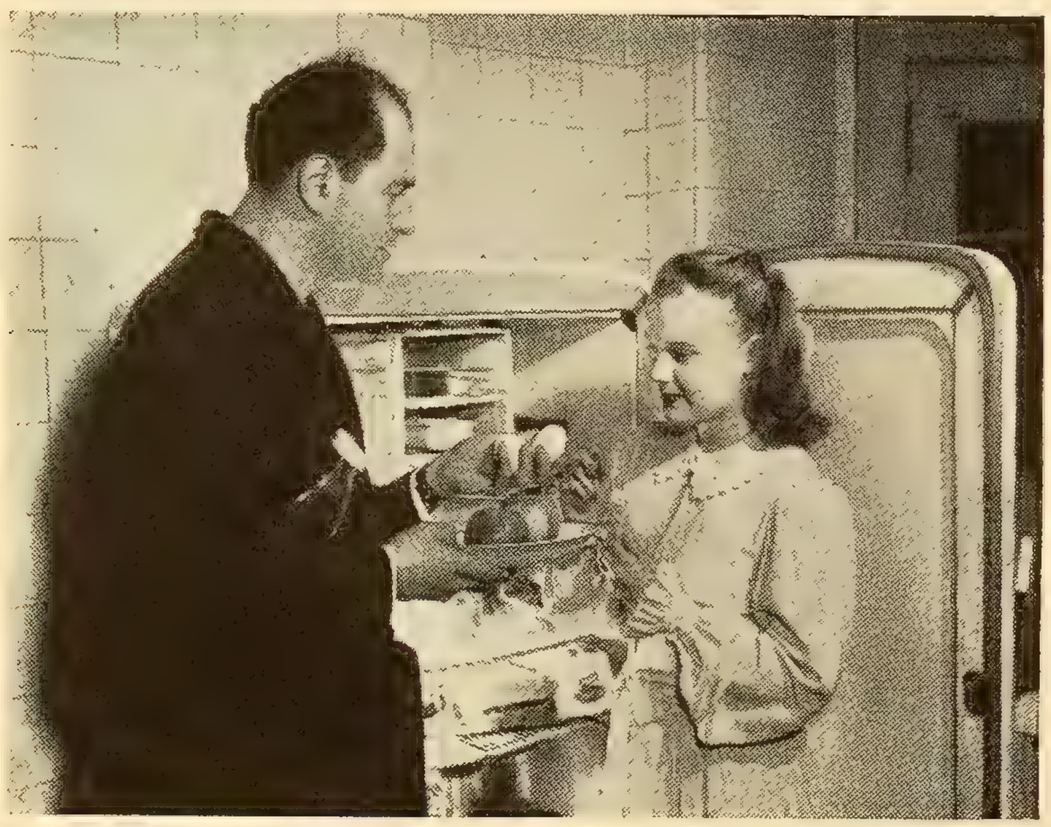
with the fragrance men love

R M



GOOD START

The romance of Henry and Mary Jones began when they were in high school. They became engaged shortly before Henry went into the Army and were married as soon as he returned to civilian life. Very young, very much in love and very proud of their new home they longed for a little son or daughter to share it and their happiness became complete when they found they were going to have a baby.



During her first weeks of pregnancy, Mary's "condition" made her crave strange food at all hours of the day and night. Henry, sleepy-eyed but patient, would indulge her, but Dr. Adams convinced her that her craving was not a need for nourishment but merely an excuse to raid the refrigerator which, far from helping nourish her baby, would only make it more difficult, later, for her to regain her figure.

Exploring the Unknown, heard on Mutual stations Saturday nights at 9, translates from scientific into non-technical language those facts about ourselves and our world which, when we understand them, can help us to run our lives more intelligently. In this dramatic discussion of pre-natal care, Mary and Henry Jones are played by Marilyn Erskine and Mort Lawrence; Mary's friends by Virginia Robinson and Ellen Fenwick; young Johnny Jones by David Anderson.

PRENATAL nutrition is of vital importance to the health of both mother and baby. As Dr. Adams told Mary Jones, "Serious lack of the right foods during pregnancy may cause a baby to be premature, miscarried or stillborn, but with the proper diet you can help your baby get a good start in life."

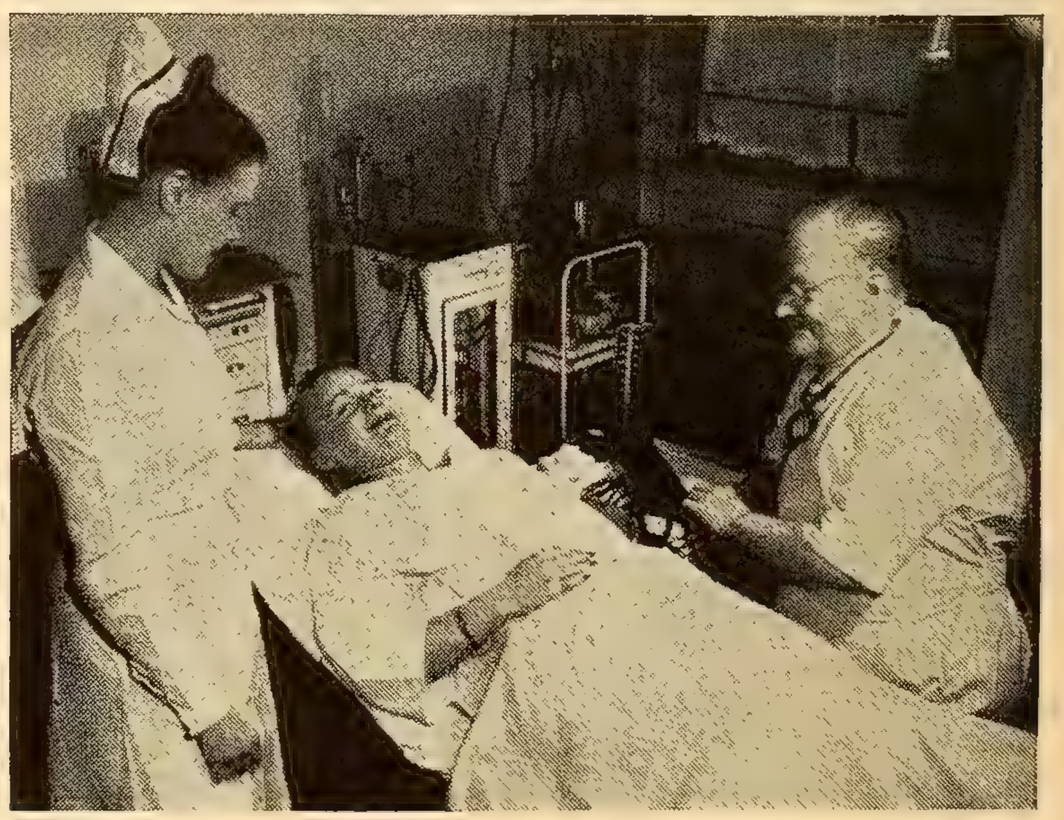
Proud of her new responsibility, Mary nodded. "I understand, Doctor. You mean I must eat for two."

Dr. Adams shook his head, smiling. "That is just another way of saying over-eating for one—in other words, over-indulgence. It is just an excuse you young mothers-to-be use for raiding the refrigerator—and it is why some of you have trouble getting your figure back after your baby is born. No, proper nutrition is not over-eating, but eating the right foods in the right proportion.

"For the time being your average daily diet will consist of a quart of milk, an egg, a serving of meat, a couple of servings of enriched grain cereals, a few vegetables, some citrus fruits and bread. For liquids, tea and coffee—but not too much—and lots of water. This will give you the nitrogen-containing proteins needed to build bones and cells and tissue; the carbohydrates—they are the sugars and starches which create energy—and the vitamins."

"But will my baby get enough food?" Mary asked.

"He certainly will," Dr. Adams assured her. "He is a regular little parasite—all unborn babies are. For instance, if you didn't eat enough calcium, your teeth and bones might suffer, but not his. He'd take the calcium he needed away from you. That, of course, is why we'll check your diet regularly as we go along."

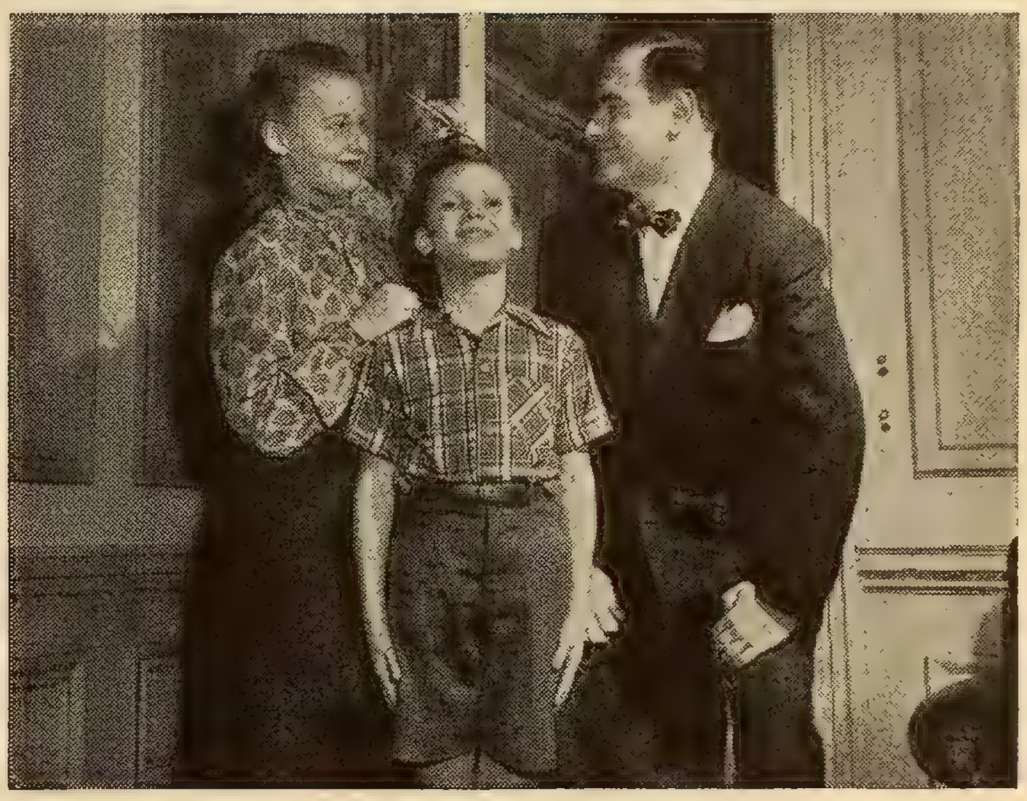


A complete physical examination at the beginning of pregnancy, a Wassermann test, tests to determine her blood count and blood group—all these, Dr. Adams told Mary, are necessary for the protection of herself and her baby. In addition there will be routine checkups at regular intervals, all to be recorded on the detailed chart kept during her pregnancy which will be taken with her to the delivery room.

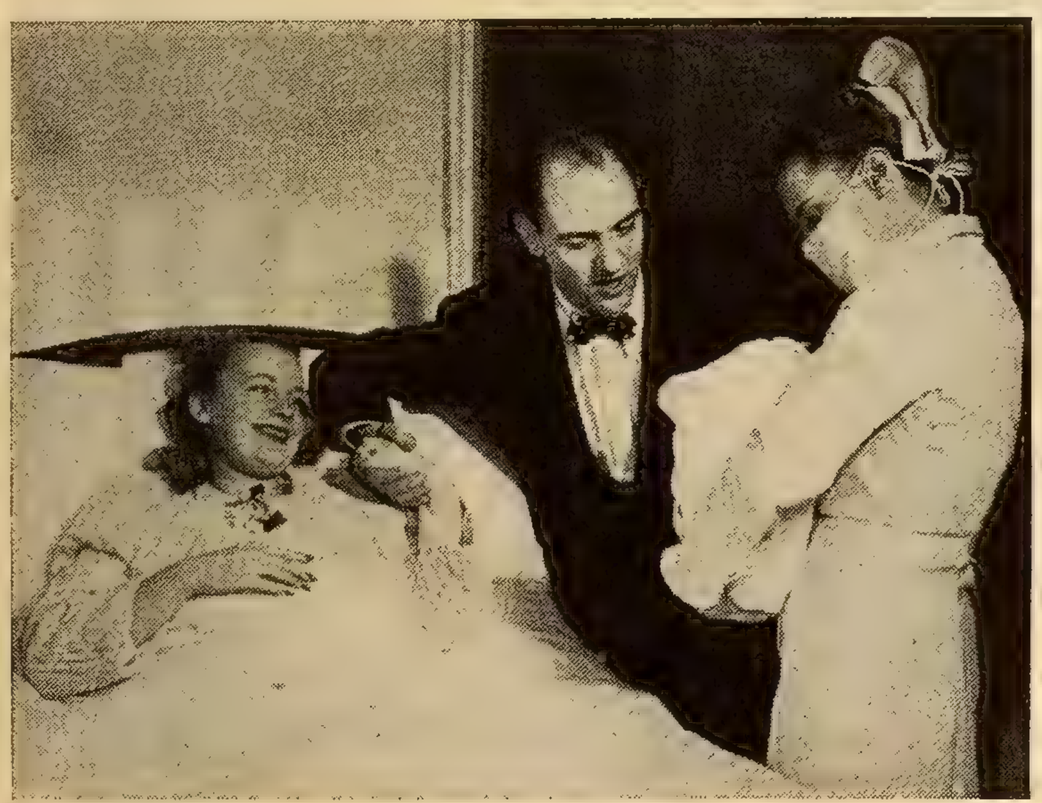
in LIFE

Radio's Exploring the Unknown cavesdrops on Mary and her doctor for the facts about a baby's pre-natal welfare

Mary's friends were almost as excited as she was over the forthcoming arrival of the Jones heir. Two of them, Peggy and Joan, appointed themselves aunts and gave a baby shower for Mary. Seeing the tiny dresses and the adorable bootees and bonnets made Mary long more than ever for her baby, though Henry teasingly said they should have twins for no one child alone could ever wear so many clothes.



From the moment of his birth Johnny Jones was such a strong, husky youngster that bringing him up, Mary often said, was no trouble at all. Almost overnight, it seemed, he was walking and talking and he cut all his teeth without causing his parents to lose a single night's sleep. His "growing record," penciled on a door, moves upward rapidly, and for each rise his parents thank good pre-natal nutrition.



Thanks to Dr. Adams' good care and her own excellent health, Mary's pregnancy was a happy one. When the day finally arrived she went to the hospital with serene confidence. Her last memory before the anesthetic took effect was of Henry's anxious face—and then she knew the joy of seeing her little son and hearing the nurse say, "A beautiful boy! He weighs seven pounds!"

"ONE thing worries me terribly, Dr. Adams," Mary confessed. "I've heard of babies that were marked by things their mothers saw, or thought, while pregnant."

"Then you have nothing to worry about," the doctor said. "Nothing you can see or feel or think—none of the dreams you dream or the music you listen to can affect him, because there is no connection between you."

"No connection?" Mary protested. "But that's not possible. You said yourself that the baby would take all the food he needed from me."

"Let me explain," the doctor said, "because it will help you understand why you cannot mark your baby and why nutrition is important. During pregnancy there is a membrane, which we call the placenta, between you and your baby. Your bloodstream does not touch his, your nerve system has no connection with his, but he still can get everything he needs from you, for when your food has fully digested the nutritive elements enter your blood, thus giving it greater molecular attraction than your baby's and enabling it, by osmosis, to pass through the placenta to nourish your baby."

The kind of hair all men adore

What man can help adoring hair that gleams with natural high-lights and shadows—sparkles with silky softness—delights with clean fragrance. Your hair-*style* may be moulded precision, or wind-blown abandon, it's the hair-*appeal* itself that matters. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Cream Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that whips up like magic in hard or soft water into mild, gentle lather that sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that leaves the hair so manageable. Say the name, Lustre-Creme Shampoo, at your department or drug store cosmetic counter.

Lustre-Creme

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Four ounces, $1.00; Family 1 lb., $3.50.

KAY DAUMIT INC. (SUCCESSOR) 540 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 45)

and saw my son—a lovely, healthy seven-pound baby.

Then came a new period of learning. I had to figure out ways to do the many things required by a baby and bringing up a child.

When the war came and our only child enlisted in the Navy, I was proud and happy. I felt then, at last, I could do just as thousands of other women were doing—offering my son to fight for our country. The next four years were filled with fear and worry, but God was good, and soon after the war had ended, our boy came home. Now he is married to a girl whom we love dearly, and I am looking forward to becoming a grandmother.

D. R. R.

Helping the Helpless

Dear Papa David:

I have found that a little beauty, a little something extra has been added to my life because I find happiness in helping the helpless—our too-often-forgotten little animal friends.

I find stray dogs, take them in, try to find their owners. If I have no success I find good homes for them. This, of course, applies to any animal. I see that the birds do not want for food during the winter months when it is so difficult for them to find their own. If I find an injured animal, I take it home, and call in a veterinary. Last year I found a cat caught in a steel trap. The little creature was in agony, its front paw almost severed by its wild lunges.

I have known instances of families who have given junior a puppy for a gift. The child all but torments the animal to death, then as the puppy grows and reaches a point where it can no longer stand the mauling, it turns upon junior and bites him. The dog is then promptly taken away and destroyed. Believe it or not, living in the country as I do, I have seen with my own two eyes people abandon their dogs, throw them out of cars, etc. Then summer residents will leave in the fall and leave their pets behind to go wild and eventually die. All these things I do my best to help. It is a very small part that I can play in my own community, but if I save one small creature, I feel an inner glow that helps to make my life more beautiful.

Mrs. A. J.

Who's the head of the

PERRY COMO HOUSE?

You'll find out—in

Full Color

IN JULY RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Wednesday, June 11th

"It Makes You Think"

Dear Papa David:

For the past four years I have volunteered my services on a Community Ambulance in a large city. At first I thought it would be only temporary, but as years roll on I find it has become a part of my life.

How many times have I come home from a run ready to quit! When you work for hours at such scenes as the Congressional Limited train wreck, and you come back sick and unable to eat for three days; or you are called to a scene of an auto accident and you dig out the victims the sight of which makes your stomach turn over; or as on October 11th of last year when I rescued a ninety-two-year-old woman from an apartment house fire. Another time I had to break in a door and carry two unconscious people to the street when they were overcome with coal gas, and my lungs felt as if they were on fire for two or three days. On Christmas Day I spent eight hours in the Philadelphia General Hospital on three different calls. Sure, I wanted to be home with my family and share in the joy of the day, but all of those cases were important.

After each of these harrowing experiences you come home and acclaim yourself the biggest fool that ever lived. You ask yourself the question, "Why should I do this? I don't get paid for it. These people don't mean anything to me. Why should I take the chances I do with my life for them?" You keep asking this question over and over again until your stomach again settles down, your lungs stop burning and your eyes stop smarting. Then you remember the grateful look upon the faces of those unfortunate people when they reached the hospital. You look at your hands, the same hands that only a few hours before were covered with the blood of some victim of disaster. Then suddenly your question is answered, for it is through those hands you were able to save a life, help the sick, the injured, the distressed. You realize that God has given you strength in those hands, your health and the knowledge of what to do. You realize that it is all a part of His great plan for the strong to help the weak.

C. E. D.

Really Happy

Dear Papa David:

Along with a million other GIs I had no luck finding an apartment for my wife, Pearlie, and our baby.

After living with Pearlie's folks for some time, things became difficult. Our way of living bothered them and theirs interfered with ours. Not to mention the hour and a half commuting each way every day for my work. We have discovered one thing—there is nothing like having a key to your own door. We had to get out—but where?

We had very little money and needed it all to move and buy the necessary things for our own place when we got it. Finally someone told me of a place and I went to look at it, ten minutes away from where I work. The next day I brought Pearlie to look at it and prepared her for the worst. We walked in. Poor Pearlie—her heart dropped, her eyes filled with tears. Knowing there was no alternative, we had to accept. Four dingy rooms—so small and so old and dreary. So different from what we've both been used to.

We moved in! Papa David, as old and as bad as the place is and as heartbroken in one way and excited in an-

Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.

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Less than the Cost of One Wave-Set—

For a Whole Summer of Hair-Dry Swimming!

THIS WONDERFUL U.S. Howland HAIR DRY SWIM CAP KEEPS YOUR HAIR-DO Really Dry
Fitted in sizes like a hat...

Look as attractive on the beach as you do at a party. Your worries are over, now that these wonderful U. S. Howland Hair Dry Swim Caps are back. Ask for your correct head-size at your department or specialty store.

U.S. Howland HAIR DRY SWIM CAP

WITH THE EXCLUSIVE SNUG-FIT FEATURE

Only U. S. Howland has the patented V-shaped reinforcing ribs that turn flaps inward to make a perfect seal.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY • Rockefeller Center • New York 20, N. Y.

other way she was, Pearlie did wonders for the place. She made curtains for all the windows, put Noah's Ark borders on the walls in the baby's room and pasted animals on the walls in her room. We put up racks and hooks for clothes and hung pictures. After working very hard we finally found it was home.

At first I didn't think we'd ever get used to the coal stove and it took Pearlie two or three hours to boil potatoes. Now I get roast, cakes and baked foods. Pearlie is now a master of the stove.

We borrowed money from the bank and bought a used car. Since we are two miles from town with no sidewalks or stores for about a mile and a half it was necessary to have a car. Pearlie doesn't go out except on week-ends when we go to the city when my mother takes care of our year-and-a-half old little girl. We then can go out together. I go out once a week to a movie. In the spring Pearlie will learn to drive and she, too, will be able to go out once a week. We have really been happy and the country certainly agrees with our daughter.

S. H.

In the Face of Love

Dear Papa David:

My family was one of the earliest settlers of our city in Louisiana, and I the youngest daughter of my farming parents. When I was two-and-one-half years old I was run over by the mowing machine driven by my father.

My mother and brothers hitched the team to the wagon and rushed me to a doctor. My mother almost died when the doctor told her he couldn't save my foot, that it was cut completely off. My father was so shocked at what he did, he suffered a stroke that crippled him for life. My leg had to be amputated once each year for six years as then amputations were new and the bone kept growing out.

While at school I was looked upon with horror. The boys teased me by calling me old crip, or peg leg. They thought it fun to break my crutches and often did and I had to hop over half a mile home. I cried most of the time but determined to show them something. I soon became the best runner, high jumper and rope jumper in school. I won first prize at our school rally.

I got my first limb when I was fourteen years old. While the salesman was fitting on the leg, he told my mother I'd have to be taught to walk like a baby. I went wild. Me at fourteen being taught like a baby! I'd show that salesman something, I thought. When he finished all the fastenings I pushed him away and walked. Yes, walked the full length of the room.

I was popular in High School and had lots of boy friends, but when they found I was crippled they dropped me. I began to wonder if I'd ever find true love and marriage. My relatives wondered about this, too, and often asked me if I thought any one could love me enough to marry a cripple.

Then I met him. I loved him at first sight. He loved me, too, but I was frightened. Could he love me that much? He asked me to marry him and I told him about my leg. He took me into his arms and said I know it, but I love you all the more for it.

Limbs are expensive but my husband always manages to get them for me and tries his utmost to make walking easy for me. In the face of that love, I just can't help finding life beautiful.

We have three wonderful children and they aren't ashamed of their mother, but proud.

Papa David, I don't believe happiness comes in just receiving but giving also. In the early part of War II a soldier in Texas was left on the battle field for dead. In an American retreat he was found and sent home. His leg was broken and gangrene had set in but he refused to have it amputated but wore a brace. He lived next door to us. The doctor told him he must have it amputated or perhaps die. His sister-in-law told me this. I told her I had an artificial limb and they were wonderful. She told him and he was always watching me.

One day we started talking and I told him how easy it was walking on a limb. I told him he was too brave to let a little thing like a leg get him down. Almost a year later he wrote his sister-in-law thanking me for what I'd done.

I was so happy that I'd helped him as my beloved husband had helped me.

Mrs. J. L. H.

Chosen Children

Dear Papa David:

I am a woman fifty-two years of age. My husband is fifty-six. We had both been married before. His first wife died in childbirth, also his newborn son.

My first husband and I separated after the death of our baby girl. I was thirty-five when I re-married. My husband and I both loved children and I was not afraid to try again even at my age, but it was almost fatal for me. We lost our baby girl, who was born prematurely, and I was an invalid for six months.

When I gained my health again we sat down and had a heart-to-heart talk, and decided to adopt a child. After what seemed forever to us we found a lovely baby girl five months old and were soon so wrapped up in her we found ourselves planning on a little boy. When Betty Ann was two years old we adopted a baby boy whose parents had been killed in an auto wreck.

We have enjoyed every minute of raising our two children—even the mumps and measles. They love their Mom and Dad and show it in so many ways. Betty graduated last year. Robert is a junior. He plays on the high school football team, basketball team and enjoys all sports. He is working for a college degree and Dad and I are planning on another homeless child to have near us when our two are away from home.

Don't ever let any one tell you life is not beautiful if you know how to live it, and I am going to let you in on a secret—we are what lots of folks call poor, but inside our hearts we feel very rich.

Mrs. E. A. M.

New Face—New Life

Dear Papa David:

I cannot remember my parents, as I was just an infant when they were killed in an auto accident. I was in the car also and received severe injuries to my face.

My grandparents raised me until I was fourteen. They were very poor people who had scarcely enough for themselves and could ill afford to keep me. I used to run errands every day for people to supplement our meager income. My clothes were given me by neighbors and the Salvation Army. My school days were the unhappiest of my life because all the children made fun of my disfigurement. I felt un-

Every moment... be delightfully perfumed!

Be irresistibly lovely *every moment* . . . awake every morning still veiled in dainty fragrance that clings to your body, your pillow, your bed. Just follow this enchanting ritual: First—bathe in water made fragrant and soft as dew by Bathasweet Water Softener; it is far more cleansing than ordinary water . . . helps you to lasting daintiness. Second—use Bathasweet Soap in the same delightful fragrance. Third—accentuate your loveliness with Bathasweet Cologne. Finally—give your body the smoothness of alabaster with Bathasweet Talc, also in the same fragrance. Enjoy this luxurious ritual tonight. For your morning bath, use the same Bathasweet ritual for day-long loveliness.

Bathasweet Ritual

1. Perfumed Water Softener (30 baths—$1.25)
2. Soap (box of 3, $1.50)
3. Cologne ($1.50)
4. Talc (Mitt $1, Canister 50¢)

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3 fragrances: Spring Morning, Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine
Other Bathasweet luxuries:
Bubbling Bath Oil, Foam Bath, Pine Oil, Shower Mitts

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!

Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

BEAUTY fades when a woman's face grows pale—when her freshness is failing—when her energy runs low. Yes, and these signs often come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

The red cells in your blood may be below par in color and size. They may be weakened to the point where they can't transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—drag along with this Borderline Anemia.

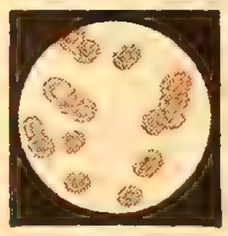
How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

So, if your blush of health is vanishing—if your energy's running low and this common blood condition is to blame—take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help you reclaim your usual vigor and looks. Continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

**Resulting from ferro-nutritional blood deficiency*

BORDERLINE ANEMIA
why it can make you
TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS

wanted and heartsick. All I had was my dreams in which I visioned myself a normal happy girl. Always in my dreams, I would plan to work and save for an operation which would change my appearance.

My grandfather died when I was thirteen, followed by my grandmother the next year. I left school then. A few days after my grandmother's funeral a man came to put me in an institution as I had no other relative. He told me to be prepared to leave on the next day. I did not want to go to an institution so I gathered what little money there was, packed a bag and went to another city to seek employment. I got a job as a ward maid in a hospital where I could live in. It was hard work but I didn't mind for now I could start saving for my operation. I worked here for three years and one day I asked a doctor if anything could be done for me. I was overjoyed when he told me there was a chance that an operation would be successful. He was a plastic surgeon and took great interest in my case as I was a member of the staff. A month later the matron informed me that I was to be admitted as a patient for an operation and a few days later it was performed. It was very successful and I was overjoyed with the result.

I left the hospital the next year and took a job as a waitress. The war was on then and the Americans were in England. One day I met a young American soldier who asked me for a date—the first in my life! We liked each other very much and other dates followed whenever he could get away from camp. It wasn't long before we realized we were in love and we were married five months from the day we first met.

After two months of happily married life my husband was sent to Germany and we did not see each other for eleven months. We were re-united just six months ago when I came from England to this wonderful country. My in-laws gave me a kind welcome and look upon me as one of the family. Now life is especially beautiful for me as all my dreams have come true and my husband's family make up for what I missed in early life.

Mrs. J. O'D.

The Little Extra Things

Dear Papa David:

I was an only child, my father and mother were poor. We had enough to eat and wear, but there was never any money for the little extra things that all children want. The year I started to school, I used to pass a little country store each morning and evening as I went to and from school. There was a doll in the store window. She was the prettiest doll I had ever seen. The price tag said one dollar. I never had that much money in my life before. I wanted that doll so bad, each night

when I said my prayers I asked God to please help me get her.

One morning my mother said maybe I could dig up enough May apple roots to get the doll. At that time most any kind of roots or clover bloom were bringing a good price at stores. Each evening after school, I would go over to the hill back of our house and dig up the long white roots and take them down to the creek and wash them. Then the next morning I would lay them on a pasteboard on the back porch so the sun could shine on them all day. I did this each morning and evening for two weeks. When they were dry enough, Mother went with me to take them to the store. They came to enough to get the doll and I had fifteen cents left over. With that I got two small pieces of cloth. One bright yellow, one bright green. Mother made two dresses for the doll. I named her Betsy. I thought more of Betsy than any other toy I ever had. I think you appreciate more the things you have to work to earn, than the ones that are given to you.

Mrs. E. J. A.

To Be Alive!

Dear Papa David:

It is a joy to awaken each morning and find another dawn waiting. You see, doctors gave me a short time to live due to a heart disease, and although I'm only twenty-five and living on borrowed time, I've found the true values of life.

Why must people take things for granted? Oh, Papa David, there's so much beauty everywhere—the early morning sunrise, a summer sunset, snow softly falling at twilight, rain drops splashing in a puddle, the happiness on a child's face, people.

It seems ironic, doesn't it—finding how wonderful life is while waiting for death?

I only hope that those who read my letter remember—it's just great to be alive!

G. S. B.

Stepmother's Story

Dear Papa David:

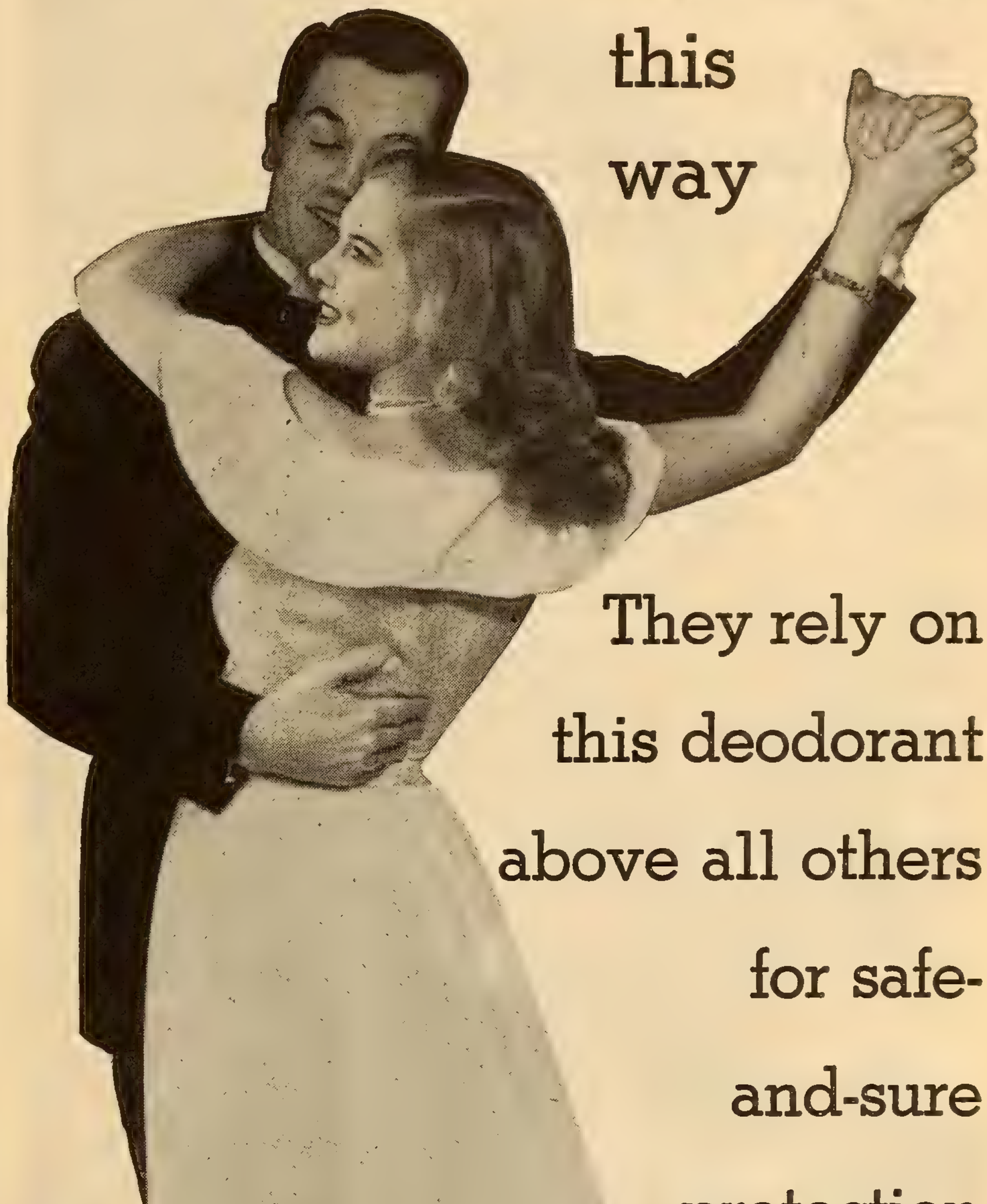
My three boys were aged three, eight, and eleven when their mother died. A year later I married their Dad. When we came home from our honeymoon we were greeted by the youngest. (The two older boys were sent to Military School.) He called to his playmates, "Come on kids see my new mother." One of the neighbors said to him, "She is not your mother. She is just your stepmother." The little fellow replied, "She is not. She is my mother."

Two months later the older boys came home from school and made me so welcome in their home. We all had a lovely summer and the older boys said, "My, Peggy, it is nice to have you here." The little fellow told them not to call me Peggy, that I was their new mother. I told them they did not have to and they said, "We want to call you Mother." I did not send them back to school in the fall. The next June a little girl was born. The nurse told them they had a half-sister. The oldest said, "Who told her you were not our real mother? Was that necessary?"

Three years later another sister was born, much to the boys' delight. Then the war came along and the boys enlisted, one in the Marines and was at Pearl Harbor, another in the Navy Air Corps and the third in the Army Air Corps. Thank God they are all back and "Life really is beautiful."

Mrs. F. D. S.

Girls at Arthur Murray's dance studios keep dainty this way



They rely on this deodorant above all others for safe-and-sure protection

GIFTED . . . GLAMOROUS . . . these famous Arthur Murray teachers must have more than dancing ability, social poise . . . they *must* be sure of personal daintiness that *lasts!*

TO BE SURE — they rely on Etiquet — the deodorant you can depend upon to guard daintiness through *hours* of active exercise . . . that gives you safe-and-sure protection . . . stops underarm odor . . . checks perspiration. And — besides working so effectively, so *efficiently,* Etiquet is *delightful* to use! *Fluffy-light* — easy to apply — soothing to the skin.

ETIQUET stays moist in jar — will not harm delicate fabrics. Adopt the Murray girls' formula for "dancing daintiness" — care for *your* charm at all times with Etiquet! At all cosmetic counters — in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢, and 59¢ sizes.

Etiquet

The safe-and-sure deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN AND FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

"This way, Mommy— new housekeepers can be clever as old ones!"

Baby: 'Course you keep house just fine, Mommy; for being so new at it. But don't you know you should learn about "Lysol"?

Mother: Is that *so!* Well then, what *about* "Lysol"?

Baby: Why, you ought to put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water every time you clean—to *kill germs.* That's what *experienced* housekeepers do.

Mother: You mean it's an old housekeeping custom? Why, how many women do you suppose follow it?

Baby: Oh, *most* women—like about *2 out of 3,* I hear. For health's sake, you know.

Mother: Then *I'll* start cleaning with germ-killing "Lysol," too, for *your* health's sake!

Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Clean the bathroom with "Lysol." Quick, easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of water.

In baby's room clean the furniture and floor with "Lysol." Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.

More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

For **FREE** *booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-47, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*

Worth Living For

Dear Papa David:

I was born in a little town in Scotland. My family had been anything but endowed with much of this world's wealth, but we were a happy lot. I was the youngest and only girl, with four big brothers to tease me, and a loving mother and father.

I was seventeen when war was declared, and the ensuing weeks brought it home to me very definitely as, one by one, my four brothers left to go overseas, the youngest, only nineteen, with the Navy and the others to Italy, France and Egypt with the Army. Dad went to England to work in a munitions factory and even Mom, who was then fifty-eight years old, enrolled in the local "Air Raid Post." I had left school and was employed in a Government Depot as a stenographer. The house was indeed empty now.

THE first blow fell one day in April, 1941. As I walked down the street I was surprised by the sympathetic glances of the neighbors. Fear clutched at my heart and I opened our door with a shaking hand. My fears were realized as Mom told me in a quiet voice, keeping back the tears, that my youngest brother, then twenty-one, had been killed overseas. He was awarded the Meritorious Medal for having stuck to his gunpost, though seriously wounded, and had died some hours later. As if our grief wasn't enough then, right on top of this shock came another, in the form of a telegram to say another brother had been posted as missing in France. However, we were to be spared this time, as no time later we received a letter from my brother himself to say he was safe and well. My other two brothers had not been spared either—one's health had completely broken down and the other had received an injury to his back, but they were alive and safe and that was the main thing.

Dad had come home by now and I decided to join one of the Women's Services and chose the Women's Air Force; applying to go overseas. Perhaps I should have stayed by my mother then, but it was too late to regret my action. I had only been in France three months when I was rushed home again by plane to attend my mother's funeral. The many anxieties had been slowly telling on her health.

After two weeks' leave I joined my unit again, but the ensuing months were a nightmare of sleepless nights and days of trying to cram in as much work as possible in an effort to keep my mind occupied. I had become a sort of automaton. I felt I had nothing worth while living for. However, my friends tried to get me to go out again, and I did in an effort to throw off my despondency. It was some time later when I met an American sergeant at a dance. He was young and full of fun. I enjoyed being with him and went out with him often. Well, you know the rest. When he was told he was being shipped back home, I received a hurried phone-call one evening from him, with a proposal of marriage. We were married two weeks later in a small English village. He was then sent home and I received my discharge and joined him after a few months over here in his home-town in New Jersey.

He is now discharged from the Army and we rent a little room here in Massachusetts. Our abode is somewhat cramped, but it is heaven nevertheless and I have found happiness once more. We have a darling baby daughter too

to make our happiness complete—could life be more beautiful?

Mrs. M. W.

"Those Who Have Drifted Apart"

Dear Papa David:

I joined the Navy just after Pearl Harbor. The months passed and Christmas of 1943 found me out at sea, and needless to say, that was indeed a lonely Christmas both to myself and all my shipmates.

Another year slowly rolled by; I was still on convoy, but this Christmas our ship was to be in port for the holidays and I could be with my wife. Upon arriving at her apartment, however, I found her gone and a brief note stating that she was spending the holidays with her parents in a distant state. My disappointment was terrific. I phoned her and we held a somewhat strained and totally unsatisfactory conversation, she telling me she would explain everything when she next saw me.

I went back to sea, troubled and unhappy, sensing that something was wrong. Those next few weeks were endless to me and I was indeed happy when we were once again docking in Boston.

Upon reaching my wife's apartment, I found her out but it seemed good to relax in a big comfortable chair once again.

I shall not be too detailed about those next few wretched days but I learned that she had found someone else whom she cared for—a man whom she had been seeing a lot of, and she had decided to be frank and honest about the whole situation. My little world truly was toppling about my shoulders and I pleaded with her to reconsider and above all, not to take any steps toward separation just then. Upon my departure, I asked my wife to promise she would not see this other man again, to which she half-heartedly agreed.

We received no mail while at sea and I had no way of knowing what was taking place back home. I could neither eat nor sleep and when we again reached port, I can't describe my relief when I learned my wife had broken off her affair and promised to forget the other man.

The war is over now and I've buried that unhappy experience in a sealed tomb. I am now back at my old job—my wife seems happy—and last but best of all, we now have a darling little boy who gets everywhere and into everything. I have written this letter hoping it might be an inspiration to other couples who have drifted apart and are contemplating divorce.

G. L. E.

WONDERFUL

REAL-LIFE COLOR ON

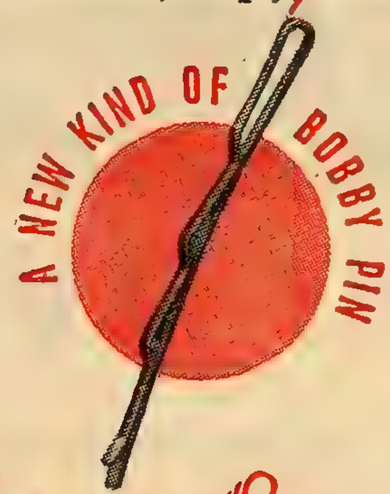
JOYCE JORDAN

LIVING PORTRAITS in the

JULY RADIO MIRROR

On Sale Wednesday, June 11th

At last— a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test*... a totally new kind of bobby pin! You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.



Gayla

HOLD-BOB

SUPERGRIP

*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946

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GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED

Home Thoughts

(*Continued from page* 56)

had nothing to do with furniture itself, but it shows that a little informative reading can help you out in a pinch. We had planned to have the living room painted soft blue, and three walls had been completed when the painters informed us that the fourth wall would have to be replastered before it could be painted. This would have taken ages, and it would have taken more time to get the painters back again when the new plaster was dry. In the back of our minds there was something that we had read about toile wallpaper. We both realized it would make a perfect background for the furniture we had chosen, so without having to waste any time at all we had that fourth wall papered and now we like it much better than our original idea of four painted walls."

If, like Claudia and Chap, you are interested in furniture woods and their finishes, these notes which she made may help you in your own selections. Because of their strength and beautiful grain and because they can be rubbed to a high gloss, mahogany, walnut and rosewood have been in demand for fine cabinet making during the past two centuries, both in this country and abroad. Mahogany and rosewood are reddish brown in color; American black walnut is dark gray-brown, English walnut is lighter in tone. Rosewood and walnut were popular for the carved designs of Victorian furniture. Maple is strong and sturdy with a hard surface which will take a high polish. It was used in early America and is used now for early Colonial reproductions, though the stain frequently applied for bedroom and cottage furniture is darker than its natural color. Pine was used for the painted furniture of Europe and America in earlier days and now is usually seen with a finish that shows the grain. Gumwood is of three varieties: sweet or red gum, pink in color; tupelo, which has a tan-gray tone; and black gum which oddly is the lightest in color. It is strong, but it must be kiln-dried to prevent warping. It is used for inexpensive furniture and since it can be stained to match walnut or mahogany it is frequently used in combination with, or to simulate, these woods, in which case the finished product should be marked to indicate that it is a combination of mahogany and gumwood or is mahogany finish. Birch, like gumwood, can be stained to resemble walnut or mahogany for making inexpensive furniture but the harder varieties also can be rubbed to a high polish. Veneer is a thin layer of wood glued to a solid wood foundation. Its advantages are varied. For one thing, a chest made of pine, birch or maple with mahogany veneer for the front, sides and top will cost less than a similar chest of solid mahogany. For another, it enables a cabinet maker to create a design by matching and contrasting the grains just as we do when we make patchwork quilts. Badly cut and applied veneer results in unsatisfactory furniture, which unfortunately leads many people to consider all veneers unsatisfactory, but any museum can show examples of veneering of an earlier period when it was a prized art, and with modern methods of laminating there is no reason why we should not be happy to use veneered pieces.

Finishes: Blonde or bleached woods, now in vogue, are woods bleached with a chemical to give a lighter tone than their natural one. Pickling is a similar chemical process, though its origin is interesting for it dates back to the days when pine furniture, before painting, was plastered to provide a smooth surface for the paint to adhere to. The later vogue for unpainted pine led many people to remove the paint and plaster, but some of the grains which could not be removed gave an effect so pleasing that it is now duplicated chemically and applied to other woods as well as to pine. Shellac is a high-gloss, brittle finish, but it is easily damaged by heat and moisture. Varnish should be made with a cellulose or tung oil base, in which case it will be proof against heat, alcohol, water and alkali stains and therefore good for table and dresser tops. The newest development in lacquer also has these resistant qualities; clear lacquer may be rubbed to a high finish, and the opaque lacquer can be tinted to any desired shade and applied like paint.

Whatever the color or variety of finish, proper dusting, waxing, and polishing is required to keep it in good shape. In fact, waxing and rubbing can improve even a poor or mediocre finish.

Different **from all other radio shows!**

"MY TRUE STORY"

A *complete* real-life story every morning, Monday through Friday! Dramas from the files of TRUE STORY magazine. Actual stories that can help you with your own love problems!

10:00 EDT • 9:00 CDT • 11:30 MDT • 10:30 PDT

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 13)

Bill Bendix is complaining of a loss of identity. He says he didn't mind it so much when all his friends gradually stopped calling him Bill and called him "Riley." But now his wife is beginning to do it, too.

* * *

One of the most colorful characters along the Great White Way is Rudy, who runs the second chair from the left in a barbershop in the mid-forties. Rudy is a tonsorial expert whose shears have clipped the hair of the musical greats for some years. One of Rudy's favorite customers is Perry Como—and vice versa. Rudy is a regular visitor to Perry's broadcasts. Como listens to Rudy's comments, too, because, as a former barber, he is the only customer who can occasionally criticize Rudy's technique.

* * *

Friend of ours tells us we missed a very interesting demonstration awhile ago. Nelson Case, known to us as a CBS announcer, treated a group of magazine and newspaper writers to a sample of radar's usefulness. Case made a blind radar-controlled landing out on Floyd Bennett Field to show them how a safe landing can be effected in fog or darkness when the pilot can't see the ground. Case was a Navy flier during the war and keeps in practice as a member of the Naval Reserve.

* * *

Some radio producers are sticklers for authenticity. Jock MacGregor, producer of the Nick Carter, Master Detective show, is currently involved in a colossal research job to make sure that the criminals on that adventure show are up to date. And in the course of his researches, he's discovered—as have the FBI and major police departments—that criminals are using wartime research developments and scientific equipment.

Ex-Navy flier, CBS's Nelson Case made blind landing to demonstrate new radar controls.

Here are some of the things Jock reports he's found out. Criminals are now using the "Snooperscope," a gadget developed during the war to permit night-time sighting on targets without lights. A new type of lapel microphone, small enough to be hidden behind an ex-GI's discharge emblem and attached to a pocket-carried powerful transmitting unit, is being used for blackmailing purposes. The electronic stethescope, developed to aid Army doctors, is so sensitive that it is being used to detect tumbler action on huge safes that otherwise would be burglar proof.

It's always a source of amazement to us how quickly man can find evil uses for the newest marvels of science and how long it usually takes for the same devices to be applied for good. What's with atomic energy, for instance?

* * *

Juvenile delinquency has become the focus for a lot of attention these days. That Eagle's Brood program on CBS and the new story line on Superman had something to do with it, probably. Robert Maxwell, producer of the Superman series, has grown into quite an expert on the problem, to the degree that a major film company has offered him a job to produce six shorts on the subject. Let's hope that somewhere along the line—on radio, screen, or in the magazines and papers, someone will get to work on the original causes of the delinquency. For our money, it is not enough to say it comes from parental neglect. What's back of that neglect? It's not enough to say it's bred by slums. Why are there slums and how can they be wiped out? Broken homes are bad for kids. But what makes parents incapable of holding a home together? Seems to us there are a lot of questions left unanswered, although credit is due for what work has been done by these radio pioneers. When do we start going all the way on our problems?

ADVERTISEMENT

"That's not for sale! That's my Pepsi-Cola!"

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

To Every Woman Interested In A More Beautiful Permanent Wave

Expert hairdresser introduces $15. Cold Wave Permanent formula for easy, quick home use .... that every woman can afford

Dear Lady:

Do you want to have a lovelier permanent wave?

Of course you do! Every time you "spent just a little bit more than you intended" for a permanent wave that promised better results, haven't you wished for a quicker, easier, more economical way to achieve hair-beauty "permanent-ly yours"?

You were wishing for Eileen Home Cold Wave Permanent, even though you didn't know it then! Y'know why?

Eileen Home Cold Wave Permanent formula was developed by one of the best professional hairdressers with 15 years of know-how in giving permanents to all kinds of hair. The Eileen formula, judged by leading laboratory test to be highest standard, uses the same ingredients that you get in $15.00 or higher permanents! You're saving many dollars every time you spend just a few hours to give yourself an Eileen Cold Wave in your own home . . . following instructions as simple as A.B.C.

Eileen Home Cold Wave Permanent is guaranteed super-satisfactory or your money back . . . whether your hair is baby-silk or coarse, dyed, bleached or grey, long or short . . . for childrens' hair too!

It conditions and transforms your hair into radiant beauty . . . "permanent-ly yours"! Softer, springy curls and luxuriant, natural-looking waves last as long as the finest professional permanents!

Mail Coupon today for the Superb Home Cold Wave Permanent Kit

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complete . . . includes Federal Tax and mailing charge

CORONET BEAUTY PRODUCTS, INC., Hartford 3, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me ..... Eileen Home Cold Permanent Wave Kits at $2 per kit (including tax and mailing costs).

I am enclosing $.....

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CITY ..... Zone..... STATE.....

Russell Beggs sends word from the West Coast that he hopes to land in New York soon. Formerly scripter on the Maisie and Dennis Day shows, Beggs decided to try his luck at free lance magazine writing.

* * *

You've probably noticed that the Double or Nothing show invariably goes on the air with the studio audience howling with laughter. That laughter is one of the most carefully timed things in the business. Todd Russell and the announcers deliberately deliver a mounting gag-routine during the pre-broadcast warm-up period. Then, exactly twenty seconds before the "on the air" signal is to be flashed on, the boys start a slap-stick routine designed to start uproarious laughter precisely one second before the show goes on the air.

* * *

Gossip and stuff . . . Frank Morgan will be back on the air in the Fall with an entirely new format for his show . . . Eddie Bracken will be producer-actor in his next film, having acquired film rights from Harold Lloyd to "750 Smith," tale of a high batting average baseball player . . . Hollywood is trying to lure Jack Barry to the studios as an "idea man," with MGM top bidder to date . . . Erskine Johnson, Mutual's Hollywood reporter, will play himself in flicker called "The Corpse Came C.O.D."

"It's like a trip to Hollywood . . ."

HOLLYWOOD TOUR

Every weekday afternoon you can take the "Hollywood Tour" over your ABC station. It's fun . . . it's exciting . . . it's glamorous! Hear Cal York of Photoplay Magazine interview visitors to Hollywood. Learn what visitors from all over the country say about their trips through the most fascinating town in the world.

For a new and interesting program, set your radio dial to "Hollywood Tour . . ."

Daily—Monday through Friday

3:45 P.M. EDT 2:45 P.M. CDT
1:45 P.M. MDT 1:15 P.M. PDT

Over Many Stations of the American Broadcasting Co.

One Part Love

(*Continued from page* 25)

home. Then I asked, "What were you doing on the shale, Sammy—and in your good clothes? Should think you'd know better than to fool around on treacherous stuff like that in leather-soled shoes—"

"I wasn't fooling around," said Sammy. "I didn't know I was near the stuff."

"You didn't know!" Every boy in River's End knows every inch of the river banks.

"No. I was just sort of walking along and thinking. . . . You see, Dr. Christian—" the words came with a rush—"we were going to the movies tonight, Mother and Dad and Marjorie and me." Marjorie is Sammy's pretty twenty-three-year-old sister. "Marj and I were waiting at the car. Mother and Dad came down the walk, and Dad put his arm around Mother's waist—and Marj began to cry."

"She—why?" I thought I'd missed part of the story.

Sammy blushed, half shrugged, attempted an off-hand expression. He was at the age when emotion was embarrassing, and deep feelings not easily expressed. "I don't know. Because Mother and Dad looked so nice together, I guess, coming down the walk with the house behind them all pink in the sunset and all. And because she knew she'd never be happy that way—I mean, the way they're happy."

"I see," I said, although I didn't see at all. It was Judy who couldn't bear the suspense.

"Sammy," she said gently, "why doesn't Marjorie think she'll ever be happy like your mother and father?"

SAMMY frowned, as if the answer were obvious. "Why, because of Bill, of course!"

"Bill?" Then I remembered. Marjorie had been engaged to a childhood sweetheart, Bill Snyder, who had been killed in North Africa early in the war. "But that was four—nearly five—years ago," I said.

"She still cries," said Sammy, "every once in a while. It makes Mother and Dad feel awful bad. Tonight, after Marj ran back to the house, they stood around for a while and then decided they'd better go on to the show. I didn't feel much like the movies then, and I went down to the river, where some of the kids were roasting wieners. I hung around with them for a while, and then I walked away. I guess I didn't pay any attention to where I was going, because the next thing I knew, I was on the shale, and the whole mess started sliding under me."

Judy's eyes met mine. Her lips formed the words "another 'accident.'" But I wasn't interested in theories just then. I was thinking about Marjorie.

"Sammy," I said, "I want you to stay off that ankle for a while. And when you come in again, say day after tomorrow, why don't you have Marjorie drive you?"

He gave me a glance that was grateful, and curiously adult in its understanding. "Okay, Doctor. I'll do that."

The Youngs came for Sammy—a handsome couple, but more remarkable than either youth or good looks was their air of—togetherness. No other word could describe it. Their happiness in each other, in their family, was almost a tangible thing.

"Such a *nice* family," said Judy,

There's nothing quite so attractive as a sparkling, gleaming smile. You'll smile all the while when you use IVORYNE Chewing Gum, for IVORYNE is America's favorite chewing dentifrice. Yes, IVORYNE contains tasteless calcium peroxide, the famous *extra* ingredient that releases new-born oxygen as you chew. New-born oxygen helps sweeten the breath and brighten the smile. So get some IVORYNE today. You'll like it for its rich peppermint flavor, its firm chewiness . . . for the sparkle it brings to your smile!

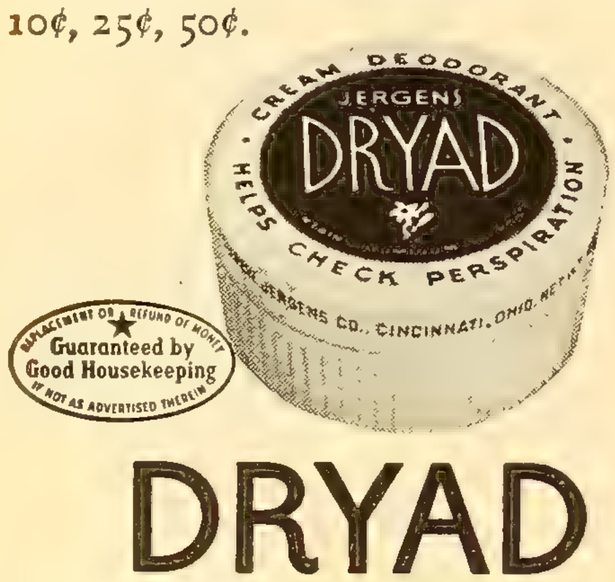
GUM LABORATORIES, Clifton Heights, Pa.

IVORYNE

The Gum That Brightens Your Smile

New way to be SWEET to EMBRACE

You'll stay lovable with Jergens Dryad, a new kind of cream deodorant. Already approved by leading skin specialists, Dryad actually prevents underarm odor safely; helps check perspiration more daintily. A secret ingredient keeps it face-cream-smooth to the bottom of the largest jar. Dryad is harmless to clothing—has a more luxurious fragrance. Fastidious women everywhere depend on Dryad. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.



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FREE: GIFT JAR—so you can try this new kind of cream deodorant—free.

Simply fill out and mail coupon to:
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Your name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

(Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.)
(Print name, address plainly . . . Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only).

watching them drive away. "And to think that Marjorie—" she shook her head. "I can't believe it, Dr. Christian. It's been so long since Bill was killed, and even at the time of his death, everyone talked about how well she took it. She started teaching at the grade school, went on with her Red Cross work, and after a while she began to go out. . . . Why she's one of the most popular girls in town! She goes everywhere. I can't believe that she's only pretending to have a good time."

"I don't think she is pretending." I was occupied with a set of fuzzy but compelling thoughts. "She probably does have a good time for the most part. Only, there's a—um—" A dead spot, I was thinking. And I thought again of Dan Harvey. "The point is, Judy, it must have taken a strong character to go on as Marjorie did after Bill was killed. And sometimes a strong character doesn't know how to compromise, to substitute."

"Mmm," said Judy. "You've got her now, too, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"MARJORIE. You've added her to your worries. Dr. Christian, won't you ever think of yourself? There's your supper, grown cold hours ago in the dining room—and you're standing here, wondering what you can do for Marjorie Young!"

"How about your own supper?" I retorted feebly. She was quite right, on the whole. After she'd gone, as I left the office for that part of the house that serves as living quarters, I was preoccupied with the subject of Marjorie. I had a vague idea of what I might try to do to help her, but what to say, how to go about it . . . that was the problem.

It was a problem Sammy and Marjorie themselves solved for me, when they came to the office a day or so later. Sammy was much improved; when I asked him if he'd been keeping quiet, he said, "Oh, sure, Marj reads to me, and we play games. I've had a swell time."

"That's good," I said. "We could use someone like Marjorie out at the government hospital. There are a lot of boys there who need a good time."

Marjorie's bright brown head went up; her dark eyes were eager. "Dr. Christian, do you mean it? I've been wanting to ask you if I could help some way, but—well—I felt inadequate when I thought of the Grey Ladies and the trained workers."

"Who's talking about workers?" I demanded. "Is it work if a pretty girl pays a social call?"

"I suppose not." A dimple dodged at the corner of her mouth. "When may I go calling, Doctor?"

We drove out the next afternoon, a day full of sunshine and blue sky and the scent of flowers. Once we were out of town, Marjorie pulled off her hat and lifted her face to the sun; the wind tugged her hair loose from its sculptured waves, lifted bronze-tipped curls at her temples.

"Isn't this lovely!" she sighed. "It's good of you to take me, Dr. Christian."

"It's good of you to come. I was afraid—I thought a girl like you must have her time pretty well filled."

I was hinting, of course, and clumsily, too. Her sidelong glance told me as much. For a moment I thought she would turn me away with a light and evasive answer—and I'd have deserved it.

Then she said honestly, "That's all I do—fill time. I try not to think about it,

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try not to think of the future. I want to look forward to something besides teaching—but it just isn't there for me. I never did want anyone but Bill, and I just can't make myself want anyone except him. I know, Dr. Christian, I've tried."

Having drawn her out, I found myself without anything to say. I was glad that we were approaching the hospital. The grounds covered acres, the newer section flat, raw, newly planted with a few spindly seedling trees; the older part, where the convalescents stayed, had deep green lawns and the shade of spreading old elms. The whole hospital seemed to be out in the June sunshine. The boys—blue robes, maroon robes—had card games and horse shoes going on the grass; the white accents of uniformed nurses and interns moved among them. As we turned up the drive, I saw Dan in a wheel chair near the entrance, his dark head bent over a book.

"It looks like a picnic," said Marjorie soberly, "only different."

"Only different," I agreed, and helped her out of the car. We started across the lawn. Dan looked up, waved, and we went over to him. "This is Dan Harvey, Marjorie," I said. "He's an opportunist. He never bothers to hail me when I come out alone."

"Opportunist nothing," said Dan. "I know good medicine when I see it." He didn't sound brash, just frankly pleased.

Marjorie laughed. "Medicine, indeed! That's a peculiar kind of compliment!"

THEY would get along, I decided. "I've got work to do," I said. "Dan, suppose you introduce Marjorie around—"

"I will, Dr. Christian." I was already dismissed. But I can't say that he kept his word. A couple of times, as I went about inside the building, I stopped to look through the window. Dan and Marjorie were exactly as I had left them, except that Marjorie had a folding chair drawn up beside his wheel chair. Other boys looked their way; a few walked hopefully past them, but Dan, who had always been the soul of sociability and friendliness, seemed suddenly blind to his friends.

When I finally had to go out and tell them that it was time to go, Marjorie jumped up guiltily, exclaiming, "But it's almost five o'clock! I never dreamed—"

Dan looked a shade complacent, and a little anxious, too, now that she was really going. "Bring her out again, Doctor. I haven't begun to show her around."

"So I noticed," I said drily. "But I can't say that she looks as though she missed anything." When we were in the car again I asked, "I take it you enjoyed yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" She was putting on her hat, tucking her hair back from her radiant face. "But, oh, Dr. Christian, isn't it too bad about his job!"

I straightened, almost let go the wheel. This was more than I'd hoped for. Had Dan—so soon—told Marjorie what he'd refused to tell anyone else?

"*Dan's* job?"

"Yes. He was a test pilot, you know, before the war. His father was a pilot in World War I, and Dan was barnstorming with him when he—Dan—was in knee pants. He grew up living and breathing planes."

"But he's with his old company, isn't he? Don't they manufacture aircraft?"

"Oh, yes. But they gave him a desk job. He's an *executive*." Her tone imitated Dan's, including the fine shading

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of scorn he must have expressed toward all desk jobs, including the executive.

"But he can still fly. I know of amputees who—"

"But it isn't testing, and he can't make a living at it. Any other kind of flying is like driving a bus, so far as he's concerned. And I," she added positively, "know exactly how he feels."

I returned to the office in high good spirits. Judy took one look at me and adopted a broad Irish brogue. "Ah, fairly rubbin' yer hands, you are, Doctor. Yer patients are all improvin', I expect?"

"You little idiot. . . . But you're right. Two of my patients seem to have a very good chance to improve."

I didn't realize then just how good their chances were. In bringing them together, I'd felt that Marjorie and Dan were two of a kind, that they would either like each other very much and help to draw each other out—or they just wouldn't click at all. But I had never dreamed that they would fall in love. I suppose it was natural that they should, but anyone who has ever tried matchmaking knows what a futile business it is; an awareness of the futility of it must have prevented me from thinking about it from the start.

I NEVER again had to take Marjorie to the government hospital. She went of her own accord, almost every day. She got to know the other boys out there, brought them little gifts, ran errands for them, talked with them and joined in their games—but it was after she and Dan were firmly established as a couple. Sometimes they would be the center of a perfect circle, the boys with the maroon, the blue robes, the crutches, the braces, gathered around them. The scene had an odd air of cozy domesticity against the backdrop of the great impersonal building; it was deeply moving. Marjorie and Dan were entertaining. Or—the Harveys were entertaining. Judy said that they were as good as married.

"It's the way they look at each other when you talk to them," she said. "There's always that little silent consultation before they answer. And they even have fun fighting!"

In two weeks Dan ran no temperatures, suffered no inexplicable pains. The head of the convalescent ward mentioned it to me, pointedly. "We've a waiting list," she reminded me. "And isn't young Harvey ready for a discharge?"

"Wait," I said. I reasoned that Dan himself would know when he was ready.

It wasn't long. One day when Judy and I were paying a morning call, Dan asked, "When do you think I can leave, Dr. Christian?"

"Oh—almost any time," I answered. "When do you want to go?"

"Today—tomorrow."

"It would have to be tomorrow," I laughed. "We have to get your papers in order. But why all the rush?"

"I've had a letter from my boss. He's reorganizing, and he wants me back as soon as possible."

"Oh?" I tried to sound both interested and casual. "A different job?"

"No—the same one, with more work, and more pay. But, golly, I need that raise, now that I'm going to get married!"

"Married!" exclaimed Judy and I together.

He laughed at our expressions. "You're not that surprised, Dr. Christion. You knew what was happening."

I didn't know what to say. Judy's

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tact came to the rescue. "When did you and Marjorie decide all this, Dan?"

"Oh, *Marjorie* hasn't decided anything. I haven't asked her. I knew this job was coming, and I've been holding off, waiting to tell her all at once. But I know she's going with me. I mean—every fellow knows how a girl feels, doesn't he, when he asks a girl to marry him? Otherwise, what's the sense of asking her?"

"Dr. Christian—" An intern stood in the doorway. "Can you come down to C right away, sir?" Afterwards, I was glad of the emergency that kept us at the hospital that noon. "A tracheotomy," the intern was saying as we hurried down the hall, with Judy almost running to keep up. "Dr. Fellowes thinks it's the only solution, but he wants your opinion. . . ." Even as I listened I was thinking of Dan's face, alight and eager, and I wondered, and worried. Could he be really sure of Marjorie? And—suppose she refused him? What would it do to him at this crucial time?

It was past noon before we were ready to leave the hospital. As we went down the steps, I saw Marjorie's car in the driveway, saw her standing with Dan under one of the big elms. Their backs were turned to us, but they looked so much as they always did, that I was relieved.

"Congratulations must be in order," said Judy.

WE started across the lawn toward them. And then, a few feet away, we stopped.

"I can't," Marjorie was saying. "It's impossible, Dan. Please don't ask me why." Her voice was tortured.

"I've got a right to ask why." His voice was rough with emotion. "I think you love me—you've given me plenty of reason to think so. Why else have you been coming out here every day . . . making plans with me, listening when I've talked about all the things we were going to do. Why—"

"I can't talk about it! I do care about you—I thought I did. But I can't marry you, and please don't ask why. Some other time—"

"There won't be another time. If you think I'm going to go through this again—"

She turned her head a little, and I saw that she was crying—strange, silent tears that flowed copiously over her nerveless face, stained the crisp white of her blouse.

Quickly, quietly, Judy and I turned and walked away. "Don't ask me to feel sorry for her," said Judy as we got into the car. "She brought it on herself. She knew he cared about her, and she liked it. Why didn't she let him know she didn't love him?"

"Because she does love him, I think. That was hysterical weeping if I ever saw it, Judy. That girl is a perfect battleground of her own emotions. She loves Dan; she wants to marry him—and she's afraid."

"Afraid! Of what?"

"Of life, I suppose, to put it briefly. Remember, Judy, she was only eighteen when she lost Bill. It must have been a much greater shock than anyone realized. I'm no psychiatrist, but my guess is that she's afraid to let her heart go again, afraid of being hurt again. She thinks she is still in love with Bill, but all he is is a refuge. It's safer to dream about him and not have to face life."

"But—" Then she thought a moment. "I see," she said slowly. "Only—it

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GOLDEN GLINT

doesn't help Dan, does it, nor her either?"

I didn't know how to help either one of them now. All I could do was to wait, and to listen, every minute I was in the office that day, for the telephone's ring, hoping that it might be one of them calling to tell me—something. To tell me anything that might give me a clue as to what the next step should be.

In the morning, I started for the hospital as early as was decently possible. I made a call first, at the Young house. I was in luck. Marjorie was on the front porch, alone, brushing the wicker furniture. She started when she saw me; then she made a fair attempt at a smile. She was herself again—her face set and pale, but composed—far different from the desperate, torn creature of the day before.

"Good morning, Dr. Christian," she greeted me. "You're out early."

"I'm on my way to the government hospital. I just stopped by to ask if you wanted to go along."

SHE refused. I had known she would. "Oh, I couldn't! I think I'd better not go out there again." She hesitated, and went on, "Dan asked me to marry him, yesterday. I had to say no. Seeing him again would just be awkward."

"You told him about Bill?"

"No. It was so long ago . . . he would have tried to reason with me, to change my mind. And it's something I can't bear arguing about, Dr. Christian. I just get sick and frozen and can't talk at all."

"I see." Thoughtfully I studied the ground at her feet. "You're sure he doesn't think you refused him because of—his legs?"

"His—" She stared, shocked and horrified. Then she burst out, "He *wouldn't!* He knows better—"

"How do you know he does? How do you know what he thinks? He was in love with you all along, and you didn't know it. If you had known, you wouldn't have let him hope—" This was pure hypocrisy, but it was kinder than the truth. And it was working. There was honest confusion in her face, and very real doubt.

"But he couldn't—Dr. Christian, is it true that he's leaving the hospital soon?"

"Today—this morning."

"This morning!" It was a cry.

I nodded. "I'm on my way to sign him out now. If you want to come with me—"

It was a mistake. She drew back, shaking her head. "Oh, no—I can't. I have to think—"

Nevertheless, I went on my way satisfied. Marjorie would be thinking—and not about herself. I was sure of the answer she would find, sure that she wouldn't be far behind me in reaching the hospital.

I found that my worries about Dan himself were wasted. He was grim when I walked in, but dressed and brushed and polished, and anxious to be on his way.

"I was wrong, Dr. Christian," he said. "I'll be leaving town alone after all."

"Then why go?" I asked. "Perhaps if you waited a day or two—"

He shook his head. "No, thank you. I still haven't figured it all out, but one thing is clear: she doesn't want anything to do with me."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that." And I told him about Bill. I'd have preferred to leave the telling to Marjorie, but it took time—time in which I was counting on Marjorie's reaching the

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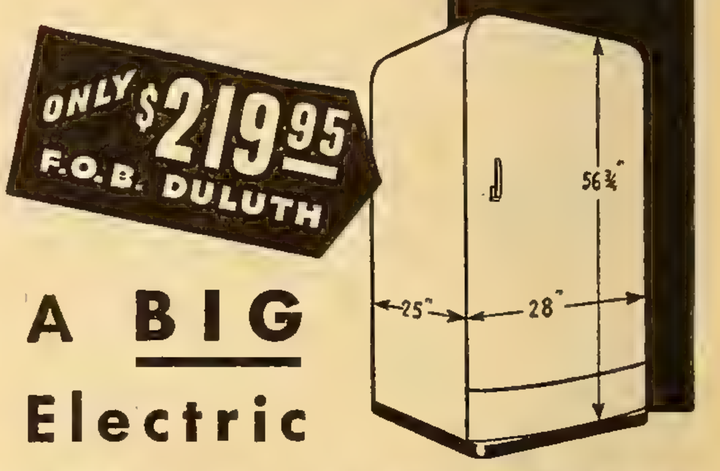

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hospital. I talked with an ear to the corridor, listening for her step. At the end of it, Dan rose impatiently.

"What you've been telling me," he said, "just means that she's in love with a ghost. I'll take a living man for a rival, any day, and I'd have a better chance."

"But in a way, Dan, weren't you in love with a ghost yourself?"

He blinked. "You mean my job? I guess I was—but I got over it when I met Marjorie. Any job would have been the best in the world, so long as I was doing it for her. If she cares about me, and still can't forget a man who's past all caring—it's hopeless."

Footsteps in the corridor—a woman's. But not Marjorie's—the head nurse. She smiled brightly at Dan, at me. "Mr. Harvey's papers are all ready, Dr. Christian. And Miss Price called from your office. She asked me to remind you of the town council luncheon at the United States Hotel."

For once I didn't appreciate Judy's efficiency. She knew that I'd forget all about the luncheon in my concern for Marjorie and Dan, but she couldn't know that I'd have given anything, just then, not to be hurried. And Dan was already reaching for his hat.

"Is it all right if I ride in with you, Doctor? It'll mean that I can catch the noon train."

"Fine," I said falsely. "Glad of your company." There was still time for Marjorie to get here. With just a little delay. . . .

Never, in all the years I've been practising, have I been able to go anywhere, except on a call that was life-or-death emergency, without being interrupted. This morning my time was completely, distressingly my own. The corridors were empty as Dan and I walked through them; in the office a secretary was waiting with the papers.

"There were no other calls?" I asked. "Dr. Fellowes didn't ask to see me?"

SHE smiled as if she were giving me a present. "Not a thing, Doctor. And Dr. Fellowes did want to see you, but he's gone for the rest of the day. You'll make your luncheon in good time."

"And my train," said Dan. "The bus might do it, but it would be close."

I gave up trying to delay. I could invent an errand—but then Dan would take a chance on the bus. There was nothing to do but sign the papers. I made a last feeble gesture. "If anyone asks for me," I said, "will you say that I'm dropping Mr. Harvey at the railroad station? Just that—in those words."

The girl nodded, and we were on our way out.

The car started smoothly, rolled smoothly down the drive. Just after we'd turned into the highway, a car flashed past us, going toward the hospital, and my heart leaped. I'd have sworn that it was Marjorie's. I braked instinctively, and Dan looked at me in alarm. "Trouble, Doctor?"

"No," I said. "Nothing at all."

The highway was deserted. We picked up speed, too much speed. I slowed down, and Dan looked at his watch. "Fifteen minutes. We'll make it easily if we move along while the road is clear."

I speeded up. There must be some way, I was thinking—but what? Marjorie would have reached the hospital by now, would know that Dan was gone, where he was bound. And there wasn't a chance that she'd catch us. Already I could see the spire of the First Methodist Church in River's End, the

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As we drew near, I pulled over to the side, slowed for the turn. Dan jerked upright. "Hey! Where are you going? This isn't State—"

"Short cut," I said, and spun the wheel. It was eternity; it was a split second before the report came. The car swerved sharply, then limped feebly on to the bump-thump-slap accompaniment of an exploded tire.

THAT's why," I told Judy, "we missed the train, and why I didn't get to the luncheon at all."

It was late in the afternoon, and we were alone in my office. In between patients, I had already told her the story twice. She was still avid for details.

"Go on," she urged. "Marjorie went past when you were changing the tire—"

"She didn't see us, of course," I said obligingly. "She was going too fast, and she wouldn't look for us on the side road. She turned off at State, and she was waiting when we finally reached the station."

"And—"

"That's about all. Dan didn't see her at first, and I dropped a few steps behind him as we went along the platform. Then he saw her, and strode over to her. He almost shouted, 'What are you doing here?'

"Marjorie looked ready to faint. She was all eyes, and her mouth shook. 'I came to explain—I wanted you to know—'

"'To know what?' Dan said. He sounded gentler, but cautious. He still didn't quite trust her.

"I don't think, Judy, that Marjorie knew until then just why she *had* come. But she knew then, knew so surely that there would never again be a doubt. She seemed to grow taller before my eyes. 'That you can't go,' she said. 'Not without me, Dan. If you're going, I'm going, too.'"

Judy smiled, a smile of complete satisfaction. I smiled, too, and closed my eyes, the better to remember Marjorie's face as Dan reached for her. There weren't many times in a woman's life, I thought, that she could look that beautiful.

Outside were the peaceful sounds of River's End at evening—the creak of sprinklers on the lawns, the sleepy chirp of birds, the low hoarse moan of a steamboat on the river.

"That sewer grating," Judy murmured. "You've turned that corner thousands of times and never come near it. You could do it blindfolded. Dr. Christian, are you sure you struck that grating this afternoon—by accident?"

RADIO MIRROR Calls In

THE FAT MAN

to solve a mystery-drama in pictures—in the JULY ISSUE On Sale JUNE 11th

Come and Visit the Edgar Bergens

(*Continued from page* 49)

colonial scenes which distinguishes a dining room where twenty people can be seated comfortably for dinner, the walnut paneling and the old English writing desk in the study—all these rate only a casual wave of the arm.

After which the host is happily off to the parts of the house where he really can be himself—and where any but the dullest guests will want to linger: to the workshop, where Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd and company are kept looking fit, to Candy's nursery, to the garage, where a giant tarpaulin covers Edgar's 1919 model Stanley Steamer, and finally and most characteristically, to the theater.

You make your way into the workshop through rows of theatrical trunks, some of them still packed and ready for "the road."

"We're between engagements," Edgar says. This ten-year run on the radio, you gather, he considers a bit of a fluke.

The workshop is apt to be a little startling to the first-time visitor. It is enough to see a cast-off Charlie McCarthy head—chipped, Edgar explains—or a bodyless hand holding a French telephone to realize how completely one has come to believe that the pixilated Charlie is made of something more than wood and sawdust.

Edgar keeps the dummies in shape himself. He loves working with paint and paste, and the work gives him a chance to indulge in his favorite habits of dress which he sums up as "just plain sloppy."

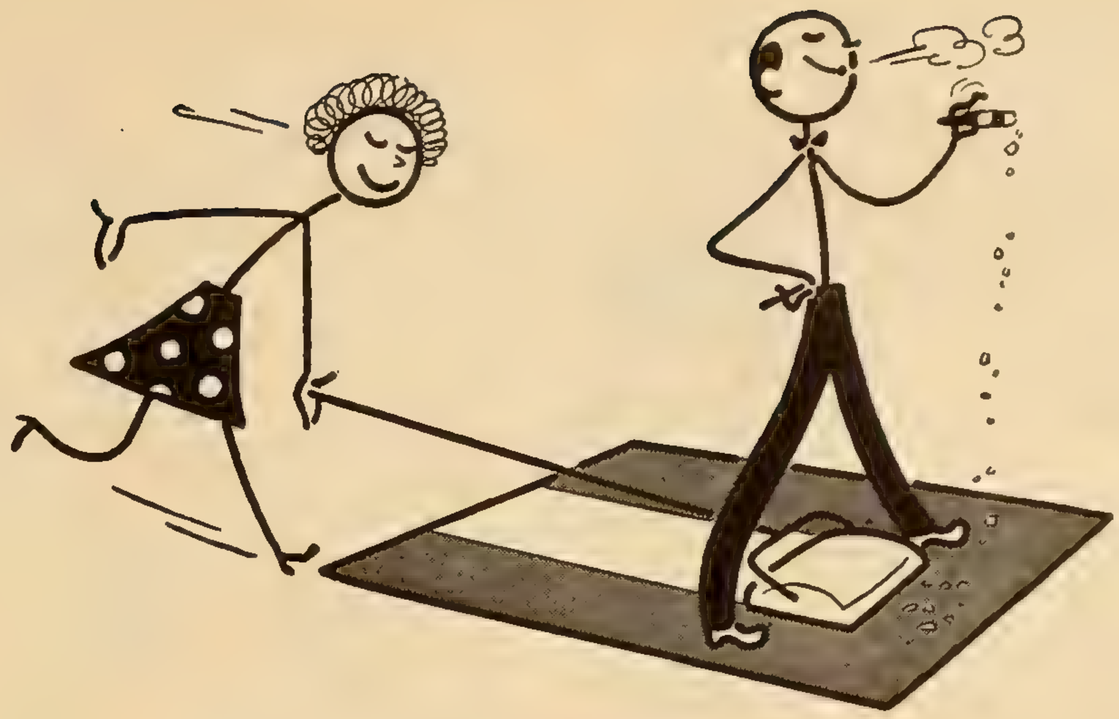
Various Charlie McCarthys, Mortimers, and others of the more familiar Bergen characters share the workshop bench with a dozen or so puppets, also Bergen creations. Only the oldest friends see the puppet shows which Bergen puts on with these odd wooden folk, as only the oldest friends know many of the "characters" which exist only in Edgar's vocal chords.

Lest Charlie McCarthy lovers take offense that their idol is relegated to a workshop while ten-months-old Candy, a mere *baby* (anybody can have babies!), takes her ease among down cushions and satin coverlets in a fluffy nursery, it should be explained that the current Charlie—along with the current Mortimer—has a room of his own, closets of his own, housing his current and extensive wardrobe, and his own doorknocker—the last a woodpecker, a present from Greer Garson.

If anyone could be jealous, it would be Candy, who, after all, was a latecomer to the Bergen household—but Candy is a democratic sort who loves all of her father's wooden friends indiscriminately. They're just big dolls, in her eyes. But Candy now has Uncle Remus, the miniature French poodle who recently joined the household. Uncle Remus was destined as a Valentine's Day gift from Edgar to Frances, but he took one look at Candy and that was that. No doubt about whose dog *he* is!

While Candy stares in rapt admiration at Charlie's monocle and Mortimer's grass green coat, Candy's father beams just as admiringly at Candy. To Edgar, Candy is the big doll—a big doll with hair.

"Edgar was so pleased," Frances will tell you, twinkling. "When he first saw Candy, all he could say was 'but she has



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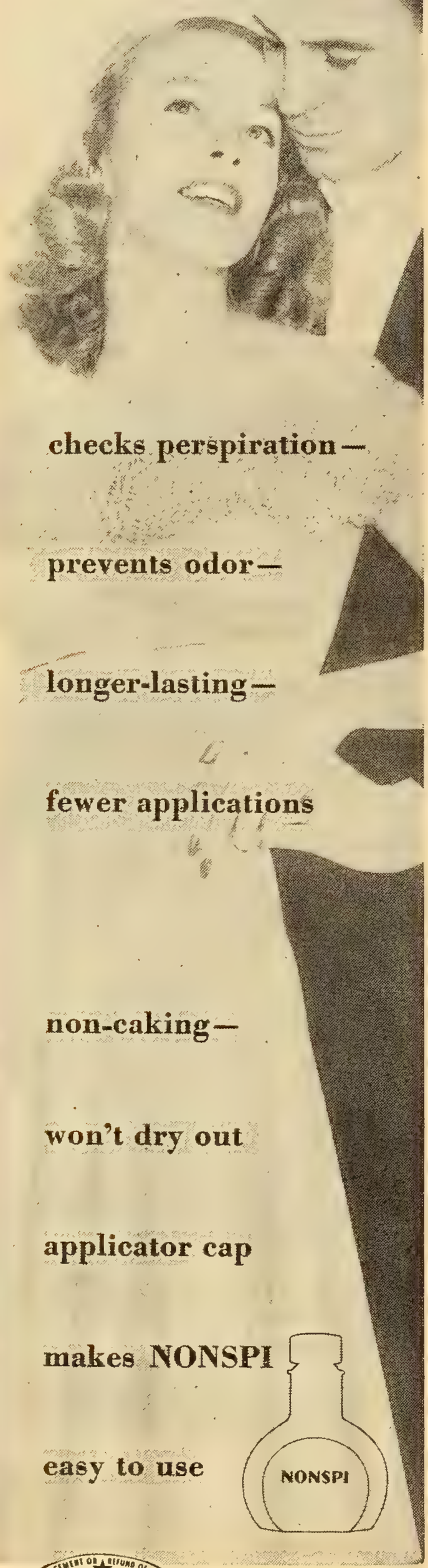

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hair!'" It is beautiful hair, thick and blonde and curly. Edgar, as is no secret, has no curls at all any more. It takes careful combing to prove that he has *hair*. Candy's curls, it seems, were inherited from her pretty mama. So were the two lovely dimples which show up when she smiles.

Mrs. Bergen was Frances Westerman, a Powers model with the usual career aspirations of that elite guard of the beautiful and talented, until, at least, she met Edgar Bergen. They toured the European battle zones together in a USO trip and when the tour was ended Edgar's staunch bachelorhood was doomed.

They were married secretly at Sonora, Mexico, very soon after their return from Europe, on June 23, 1945, and had the civil marriage solemnized in a religious ceremony eight months later, on January 19, 1946. Only Frances' mother, Edgar's brother, and a few very close friends attended, for both the Bergens believe in keeping their private lives to themselves. The second wedding, however, was highly publicized.

Candy was baptized in the same church where her parents were married, the Wilshire Methodist in Los Angeles, last October with Edgar's physician, Dr. Clifford Loos, and his devoted secretary, Miss Peggy Purcell, as godparents.

Mrs. Bergen spent the whole day of May 9 last year shopping. Candy was born that evening, so Frances is convinced the rigors of childbirth are highly overrated. There was nothing spectacular about the event. Edgar drove her to Hollywood Hospital in plenty of time, held his daughter in his arms almost before he had a chance to become nervous.

Candy is a little gingerly with her smiles, especially when there are strangers around to be given a steady and solemn once-over.

"Candy philosophizes," is the way her father puts it. "About people. About things. Especially when it is almost time for the next bottle she philosophizes. She doesn't just *grin*. Simpletons can do that."

When the bottle arrives and Candy is whisked out of her crisp organdy dress and into warm sleepers for a nap, Edgar will take you to the next point of interest on the special tour. This time you wind up out in back of the four-car garage and find yourself face to face with a proud relic of the past, a Stanley Steamer.

EDGAR, who has always been fascinated by steam engines, bought the old car—a 1919 model—five years ago, and drove it up the mountain to Bellavista himself, after, he explains, a course in master-plumbing.

Since then the steamer has been on and off the hill for periodic meetings of the Horseless Carriage club, of which Edgar is an enthusiastic member.

"You have to carry a plumber's kit to operate the thing," he says, pointing out that the mechanism is anything but simple.

"You must watch the pilot pressure, the gas pressure, the steam pressure. You have water tanks, gas tanks, kerosene tanks, and a burner. Your car is as good as your burner," he adds, implying that his burner is pretty good since he has had the "old boat up to 60 or 65 several times."

Novices are apt to get into trouble, Edgar points out. "It's important to remember—with a Steamer—that your radiator is also a condenser. I took off the radiator cap one day and a geyser of scalding water shot fifteen feet up.

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"It's a nice item," he sums up, "for getting attention."

There are many more "points of interest" at Bellavista. Five terraces down from the living room can be seen a beautiful swimming pool, with cabanas. You have come in through a flagstone patio which is now soaking up sun, and you have heard tell that the barbecue suppers cooked on the outdoor grill there are without their match in the hill country. There are rumors that a giant rumpus room is the gayest room in the house.

These rumors you are apt to accept without investigation because Edgar always wants to show off his private theater on the way back from the garage to the house, and once in that fascinating hideaway the visitor is apt to want to call off the rest of the tour and relax.

Here the Bergens and their really good friends play as only show people know how to play—by dimming the lights, raising the curtain, and getting on with the show.

The place has everything in the way of modern entertainment equipment, a motion picture projection unit with sound, automatic recording devices, and —the part which gets the real play—a small-sized, but professionally geared stage on which Edgar is all too happy to do card tricks, magic tricks—yes, even ventriloquist tricks—for his friendly audiences. And his friends, some of whom are depicted in rude portraiture on the old-fashioned olio (Edgar knows that a gentleman insults only his very best friends) such friends as Ken Murray, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Chester Morris, and Kay Kyser, will fight to get the next-to-closing spot.

For Entr'acte intervals, there is an intimate bar, its walls lined with old time ventriloquists' programs and posters. Edgar modestly points out that Mr. Alexandre, his forerunner by about seventy years in the voice projection business, could produce fifteen separate characters plus, as his advertising makes clear, the sounds of "an omelet frying, flint and steel, plane, saw, corkscrew, stick, and guitar."

"I have never been able to master a noise like a stick," Bergen says.

There are some "noises," however, at which he is very adept and the familiar voice of Charlie McCarthy is not the only one.

As you tear yourself away from the little theater, where you have seen the wonders of the "Snowfall," Bergen's flashiest card trick, the lotar jug (which pours out enough water to fill itself eight times) and pondered on the long-silent voices of Mr. Alexandre, you pause at the door while Edgar phones the house to see if the set-up for the breakfast table picture is ready.

"The magazine people are ready to come over now," he explains over the phone. Back over the wire an angry voice roars, plainly audible across the room: "Blankety blank writers . . . blankety photographers . . . they make me sick. Always getting in the way, cluttering up the house."

It is the voice of Mickey, Bergen's affable Japanese house boy who has beamed on you as you arrived. You hear the outburst with a start, your ears getting red. How can that nice boy have turned into such a malevolent creature? Then you remember. Edgar Bergen lives here. The "Mickey" you heard over the phone is just another of those voices.

Mrs. Bergen actively oversees the running of her household, regulating

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the activities of Mickey and Kay Kamioka, the Japanese couple who cook and keep house, and of Dena Bolen, Candy's nurse. She plans all of the menus, and is acquiring a reputation as one of the town's most imaginative and successful hostesses.

Her larger parties are catered—Frances thinks it's simpler than upsetting the household routine with a mass of extra tasks. The barbecues in the patio are home-grown, however, and Edgar often cooks the steaks himself, with Mickey and Kay providing the huge salad, garlic toast, plump baked potatoes and a special mustard sauce which is out of this world.

For strictly family parties, Frances is amused to make Edgar's favorite Swedish dishes—which she has learned from recipes long traditional in her husband's family. Swedish Kaldolmar, the national dish of Sweden, for instance, Kottbuller, a meat pie, or Sylta, the hors d'oeuvre which is the piece de resistance in any really Swedish smorgasbord.

Her recipe for Kaldolmar,—stuffed cabbage to you—is as follows:

To Serve Four

Medium sized head of cabbage
½ lb. lean round steak, minced fine
½ lb. fresh pork (lean and fat, the way it comes). Mince this with the round steak. Mince fine.
1 medium sized onion
3 medium sized tomatoes, or small can
2 tablespoons rice
1 egg
3 or 4 bay leaves
2 tablespoons sage
½ pint sweet cream
2 to 4 tablespoons sifted flour
3 or 4 tablespoons butter, bacon fat, or beef drippings
boiling water

Boil cabbage whole, first cutting the stem out. Let cabbage boil for 15 minutes in fast boiling water with no lid on the pot. As soon as cabbage is put on to cook, then wash the rice and let that boil also for 15 minutes. Then cut up the onion in very small pieces and fry it in a little butter—fry slightly.

Now take rice and cabbage from fire and strain. Then mix ingredients as follows: Mix in a bowl the finely minced meat, the rice, the onion, and the raw egg; add a little salt and pepper and mix into a kind of paste, then roll into oblong rolls, using about a rounded tablespoon in each roll.

Next separate the leaves of the cabbage and roll the meat in cabbage leaves (fasten with toothpicks), rolling each separately—about a tablespoon of meat in each cabbage leaf. If you are making a large quantity, then put into each cabbage leaf less meat as the leaves get smaller.

Now place a large iron pot on the stove and into this put 3 tablespoons of butter, and fry the rolls of cabbage and meat on top and bottom till browned; then add boiling water, sufficient to cover the cabbage and meat rolls. Next add a little salt and pepper, 3 or 4 bay leaves, the 2 teaspoons of sage, and the tomatoes. Place lid on pot and allow to simmer for at least 1 hour or longer.

Then take 2 level tablespoons of flour and add to ½ pint of cream and beat slightly with rotary egg beater to thoroughly mix the flour in without lumps. You next remove the cabbage and meat rolls from the gravy and put them on a hot platter. Then add the cream and flour to the gravy and stir it in. Let it boil about 5 minutes, then pour over the cabbage and meat balls.

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Memo for Brides

(*Continued from page* 54)

Lattice-top Pastry

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour 1 tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening 5 or 6 tbls. cold water

Combine flour and salt. Cut in shortening with a pastry blender or two knives until the particles are the size of rice grains. Add water a little at a time and mix with a fork to wet all particles quickly. (Add just enough water to make mixture hold together.) Form dough into a ball and then divide it into two portions, one twice as large as the other. Chill in the refrigerator 30 minutes or more.

On a lightly floured board, roll the larger portion of dough into a circle ⅛-inch thick. Fit it carefully into a 9-inch pie plate. Trim off the edge leaving a full inch of pastry overhanging the border all around. Fill pastry shell with prepared fruit. Roll out remaining pastry into an oblong about 9x5 inches and cut it lengthwise into 6 strips, about ¾-inch wide. Lay three strips across top of fruit and weave the other three strips across them at an angle. Trim ends of strips even with edge of undercrust, moisten underside with water and fasten them to undercrust. Turn pastry edge under and flute it into a high, upstanding border. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Then lower heat (350 degrees F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

Cherry Cobbler

3 cups pitted red sour cherries
½ cup water ½ to ¾ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt 1 tbl. cornstarch
2 tbls. butter or margarine
1¼ cups biscuit mix
½ cup cream or top milk

Place cherries in a loaf pan or 5x9-inch baking dish. Add sugar, using the larger amount if a sweeter cobbler is preferred. Blend cornstarch and salt with water and pour over the fruit. Dot top with butter or margarine. Make a batter of biscuit mix and milk and drop it in six portions on top of cherries. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 35 minutes. Six servings. Follow this same recipe for pies from other fruits such as raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, cherries, gooseberries and peaches, by varying the sugar to taste according to tartness of fruit.

Frozen Raspberry Mousse

1 pt. cream ¼ cup sugar ¼ tsp. salt
2 cups fresh raspberries, mashed to pulp

Whip cream until stiff, but no longer. Stir in sugar, salt and raspberries. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze for half an hour with controls set at lowest point. Remove tray, stir mixture, scraping from sides of pan, return tray to freezing compartment and freeze.

Sweet Blueberry Muffins

2 cups all-purpose flour
4 tsps. baking powder ¾ tsp. salt
¼ to ½ cup sugar, depending on tartness
½ cup milk 1 qt. blueberries
2 eggs, well beaten
4 tbls. melted butter or margarine

Sift flour, measure and sift together with baking powder, salt and sugar. Mix in blueberries which have been washed and drained. Combine milk, eggs, melted shortening; add all at once to berry mixture and stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Batter will be lumpy. Fill greased muffin tins ⅔ full. Bake in pre-heated 400-degree oven 20 to 30 minutes.

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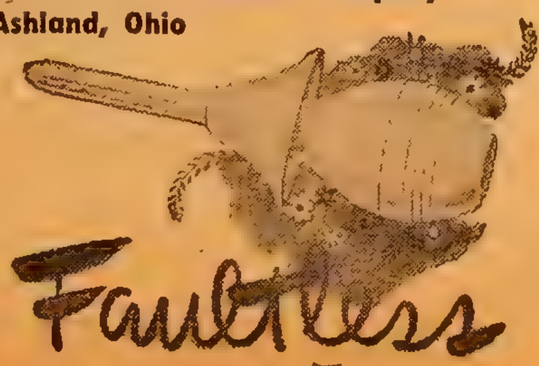

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My Boss Bob Hope

(*Continued from page* 31)

here was life at its most exciting, handed to me on a silver platter!

It was sadly disillusioning to discover that handling fan mail, even for a top star like Bob Hope, can be as routine and tasteless a job as filing briefs in a lawyer's office.

Mr. Hope was out of town with the Victory Caravan for the first three months I worked for him, so there was no direct contact with his dynamic personality to take the curse off opening and classifying some 5,000 letters a week, answering those which required an answer, sending out some 1,000 photographs a week to those fans who particularly requested them. My desk was piled high, not with legal briefs to be sure, but with stack after stack of one portrait of Bob Hope—wide-eyed, half smiling. I got pretty sick of that face several months before I saw Bop Hope in person.

And I was the girl who was not going to stand still for monotony!

And *then,* as they say in the fairy stories, my boss came home. And things began to happen.

SUDDENLY the excitement which surrounds Bob Hope like a personal aura moved into the large and heretofore quiet room over the big garage at his house where his secretary and staff do their work.

Phones which had been dormant began ringing, all at once. People began coming and going. All the mass of detail which goes with putting on a radio show once a week, making a series of movies, arrangements for the vast number of personal appearance-tours and benefits for which Bob Hope has become a legend in his profession, began spilling over into our office. Don't get the idea that Bob's personal staff handles all this variety. We don't, thank heaven. The work involves the full time activity of a horde of people including a half dozen other "secretaries to Bob Hope" (I am the only secretary Bob Hope hires personally, the others work for his radio agency, his business office, his studio). The less we have to do with work not in our department the happier we are. But inevitably we get in on the back wash of everything as long as Mr. Hope is at home.

The routine work we had always done, even during his absences—handling the mail, keeping the household and personal books, getting out Mrs. Hope's correspondence, taking the children to school and picking them up, making out the payrolls and issuing checks, paying bills, answering an occasional "special request" from a fan in Tuskegee, Oklahoma, went on, as a sort of minor chorus, as usual.

I began to realize what the old-hands on Mr. Hope's staff meant by "change of pace." And just in time, for at this point Mr. Hope's personal secretary left on her honeymoon and I stepped into her job.

The monotony went out of my job overnight, and with it a lot of other things which I had not properly appreciated.

Where I had worked before five days a week, from nine until five—five sharp!—I now found that I was considered on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. My personal appointments suddenly were "subject to change." I stopped making dates—ex-

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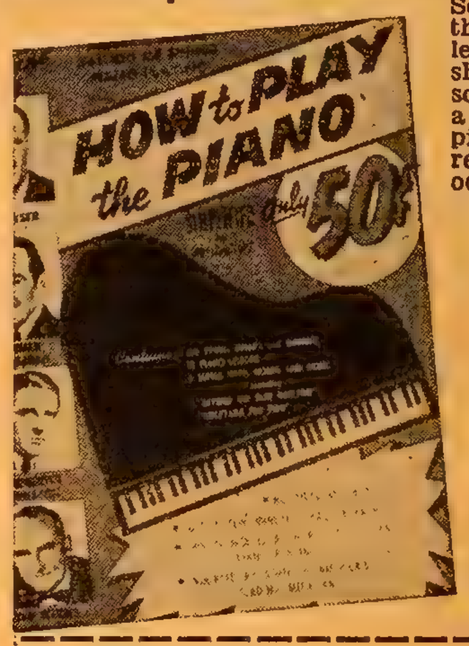

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cept with the provision that they were cancellable without notice. I no longer could find time to go to the dentist, or to the beauty shop. (Fortunately my hair is naturally curly—so I can shampoo it myself and roll it up in pin curls at midnight, if necessary.)

My job became the axis about which my life revolved. My family moved to Burbank, so I could be closer to my work. My friends invited me to parties, when they invited me at all, as an "extra" girl—I was too unreliable to be counted on. My boy friends had to get used to playing second fiddle to the job. But those things didn't seem as important to me as they once had, somehow.

One Saturday morning recently, for instance, I was dressed in riding clothes and half way out the door on my way to a breakfast ride in Griffith Park when the phone rang. Mr. Hope, who had been tied up with picture problems all week and had no time to dictate, suddenly was free to do some letters. He was in his dressing room at the studio, and wanted me to run right over.

I AM not supposed to work on Saturday. On the other hand, doing Mr. Hope's letters is my responsibility. There was nothing for me to do except to cancel the riding appointment and my date for the morning drove away with a long face which looked even longer in conjunction with the plaid shirt and western stetson he had worn for the occasion. I whipped into my dressing room and changed clothes, for I couldn't show up at the studio in jodhpurs. (Mr. Hope has very few violent dislikes, but he *hates* women in pants. Nobody stays on his payroll who shows up for work in slacks. Mrs. Hope, I am sure, doesn't even own a pair.) Twenty minutes later I was ready to go, my notebook open, and my pencil sharpened. In an hour Mr. Hope dictated forty letters. Zip. Zip. Zip. The way he does everything, efficiently, fast. I was through—free to do whatever I liked, for I could wait until Monday to transcribe my notes. But by this time the party had gone on without me. Just the same, it's always fun to take Mr. Hope's dictation—he does write clever letters.

(Incidently, for when I *do* get to ride, Mrs. Hope gave me a really gorgeous riding shirt for Christmas. I ride western, having ridden as a child up north and having a latent scorn of English. I am now the envy of Griffith Park and receive most favorable comments from utter strangers every time I ride. The men, especially, seem to like it!)

This is not a complaint. Anybody can go horseback riding. Very few people, I both realize and appreciate, have an opportunity during their lives to work in close contact with a personality who is as vital, who means as much to people everywhere, as Bob Hope.

I never stop marveling at his cheerfulness, and his patience. In the office, which he calls the Sweat Shoppe, and about the house, he is always whistling, singing, striding about the place with a jaunty, youthful step. He seems tireless. Only once or twice, when he has been particularly pressed and tired, have I seen him even aware that he is under any greater pressure than the average man. Then, with writers waiting for his approval of a comedy routine, with Louis Shurr, his business agent, standing by with new picture contracts to sign, with letters piled up in his personal file—all marked "ur-

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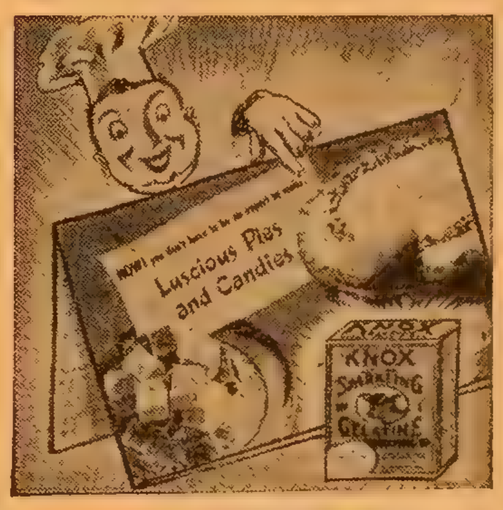

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gent"—unread and unanswered, I have seen him once or twice push hard at his temples, and shake his head as though it were an effort to concentrate. Even at those times, he very rarely complains. Just once, when we were working very late, and had been delayed by a parade of "important" phone calls did he seem a little desperate.

"Hang that phone," he burst out. "Does it *have* to ring all the time?"

A more violent man would have torn the phone out of the wall, and what's more he would have flung it at somebody. And if Bob Hope had, I think everybody in that room that night would have agreed that he had a right to.

TUESDAY is our mad-house day, because of the radio show. Let me tell you about last Tuesday—it was fairly typical. I spent the first half hour making phone calls for Mrs. Hope, who is out but who has left a memo, making appointments, cancelling them, etc. Writers are working with Mr. Hope downstairs. He calls up for the files and monologues for the past ten weeks . . . they are short on material. In the meantime a writer comes up to ask me to type the closing spot for Mr. Hope. Writers start calling in material which I take down directly on the typewriter to save the time transcribing and typing would involve. At one time that morning I am struggling with an operator in New York, who has a call for Mr. Hope but can't find him (luckily I can supply the information); I am taking material from a writer on the other phone; Mr. Hope comes in on the phone to say he wants a particular opening; a delivery boy is here wanting a check; the maid has come up to ask me to call an electrician to repair a burnt out plug in the laundry room. This goes on until around two-thirty when Mr. Hope breezes along the patio, hands me the revised monologue to type up, and announces he will be back in an hour. (Of course he's gone to Lakeside for a bit of golf . . . his favorite relaxation and probably one of the reasons he is able to keep up his fast pace.) At three-thirty he is back. At twenty minutes of four he has showered, dressed, and left for the final rehearsal before the show. We are left to pick up the pieces, gather up material and get it back in the files, wire in Mr. Hope's column (which is done each day from his office), etc.

I feel ashamed on my "mean days," when I consider my boss's good cheer under the most fiendish pressure. My "mean days" come usually when I am in the middle of doing the books—which I hate at best—and have to leave my figuring to answer a succession of phone calls. It's a good thing that it takes more than that to bring a mean streak out in the man I work for.

I think it is remarkable that a man who gets as much done as Bob Hope can have energy enough left, and good spirits enough to enjoy life the way he does with his family—the quiet Wednesday evening for instance when the Hopes are at home to nobody bent on business, or Sunday afternoons when he can romp on the lawn with Tony and Linda and goo at the babies in their pen like any other father on his day off. The only difference is that Bob Hope's day off ends abruptly after dinner when, instead of going to bed or reading a book, he must be ready to meet with his radio producer and his writers, all night if necessary, to whip out the final version of his next Tuesday's radio script.

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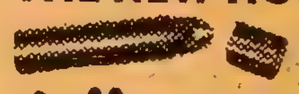

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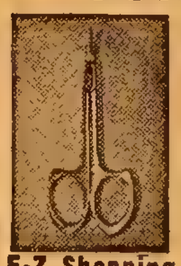

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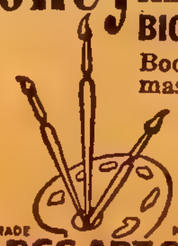

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

His ability to relax with his family one minute and to turn into a working dynamo the next is the secret, of course, of Bob Hope's great capacity both professionally and as a human being.

He does his work, when the time comes. In the meantime he enjoys life, carefree in the belief that the people he has hired to work for him know their jobs, and are doing them. He is not a checker-upper. He feels no necessity for standing at our shoulders prodding us to be on with the job.

We all get a tremendous amount of work out, as a result—and with amazingly little grief.

There are, of course, unexpected emergencies.

One night Mr. Hope telephoned me from Tulsa, Oklahoma, at midnight! He needed some comedy material from one of the files. Only his brother, Jack, and I are permitted to open the files—we have two whole rooms full—and Jack was in Tulsa with his brother. I whipped on to the office, found the material and phoned it to him—then I went home to bed.

MR. HOPE has a predilection for nicknames and initials . . . Mrs. Hope calls me Marjorie . . . but Mr. Hope calls me "Miss H." He always is enthusiastic about every citation and gift he receives . . . our office is literally plastered with plaques, certificates and honors. The first morning he drove his new Town and Country out of the garage he called up for me to come see it. He sat there in it, beaming, and said, "You don't think it's a little young for me, do you?"

Last time I went down to the studio to take letters he said, "We've got to get this stuff out. You know people think you're crazy if you don't answer your mail." I love working with my boss on the set. It's fun to meet all the celebrated people.

A few months ago—yes, I had planned to go riding again—I had a panicky phone call from NBC. Carol Richards, the prize-winning singer who was chosen by St. Paul radio listeners for their Hope show entry, had arrived at the airport, with no one on hand to meet her—because she was a day early. We had made complete arrangements for meeting her on Sunday—but there was no time to quibble. I romped over to the airport in my car and picked her up, then pleaded with the clerk at the hotel where we had made reservations to ignore his "no vacancy" sign and put Miss Richards up twenty-four hours early.

Well it's what I asked for, that's what I got—and that's what I love! No two days are alike, and all of them are full of interest and excitement.

Sometimes I wonder if a little monotony wouldn't be nice for a change. Not for long, you understand. I don't mean I'd quit my job—don't entertain that idea for a moment. But just for a few days, some nice, boresome monotony could be very restful! Maybe it should only be for a few minutes, at that—a few days, and I'd be pining away for the old grind again!

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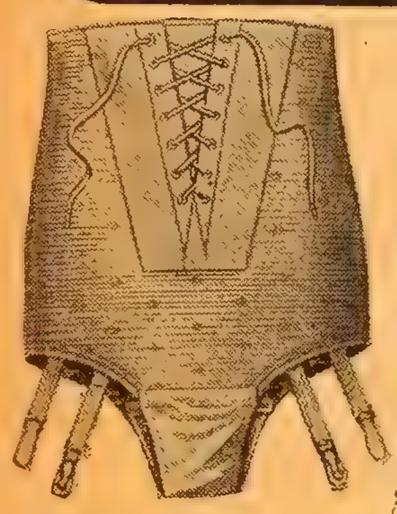

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Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 9*)

enough to rouse the sleepy master.

"Disconnect the phone," Percy ordered.

This kept up until four P.M. Once again the persistent telephone rang. Percy answered it. The voice on the other end belonged to Herbert Rosenthal, vice president of M. C. A., the giant booking office. Mr. Rosenthal was in quite a stew.

"My God, man, do you or don't you want to work in the United States?"

Faith assured Rosenthal that was his lifetime ambition. Finally Faith calmed the agent down, arranged to be in New York via the next plane.

Percy was born in Toronto in 1908, the oldest of eight children. When he was seven, his father arranged for him to take violin lessons. Shortly afterward his aunt acquired a beautiful grand piano that was the talk of the neighborhood. The young nephew fondled the keyboard lovingly.

"Dad," he asked his father, "could I take piano lessons, too?"

At the age of ten, Percy gave a "joint concert," playing a violin solo and then switching to the piano for another solo. But the latter instrument soon won him over completely.

After graduation, Percy joined a few local dance bands, continued his music studies at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and then got a job on a Toronto radio station. In 1931, the station gave him his first opportunity to conduct. It was a small string group. Step by step he graduated to larger combinations until his Music By Faith show became one of the Dominion's favorite air shows.

In 1926 his young sister was playing with matches and they ignited. She became a living torch. Luckily for her, Percy was in the house. He wrapped a rug around her, extinguished the flames. However, his own hands were severely burned. He was unable to touch the piano for eight months.

"I thought I would have to give up music forever. But my music teacher

The successful NBC Mr. and Mrs. show of Frances Langford and Don Ameche may be a movie.

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Tenth Anniversary

(June) ISSUE *Now On Sale* At Your Newsstand 15c

Celebrating its tenth year of publication, Song Hits Magazine contains many special features in the June issue. A special section is devoted to the Silver Certificate Awards to the ten top entertainers in the past ten years. Plus all the latest hit songs, stories and photographs. Don't Miss It!

Betty Grable and Harry James don't have as good luck with horses as they do with careers.

urged me to study conducting, harmony, and composition. I became so interested that this kind of work soon overshadowed my desire to play."

Today, Percy is an American citizen, lives the country gentleman's life in Great Neck, Long Island. His two children, Marilyn, 15, and Peter, 9, are hopeful of following in their famous father's footsteps.

* * *

There have been many great comebacks in show business but none as startling as Lillian Roth's. Some fifteen years ago, Lillian, brunette and beautiful, was a rising star. She conquered every field of the entertainment world. She had prominent parts in almost every early talking picture musical. But health and marital difficulties upset her promising career.

Just recently Lillian made a successful appearance in New York's Broadway night club, La Martinique. The professional ringsiders cheered Lillian lustily. If all goes well, you should be hearing her soon on the air.

* * *

Incidentally, Dorothy Miles, who was a promising young singer at the Boston Cocoanut Grove, scene of one of the worst fires in history, is ready to resume an active career. She was almost burned to death that horrible night. But she survived that and twenty operations, and the plucky girl is confident she can successfully return to show business.

* * *

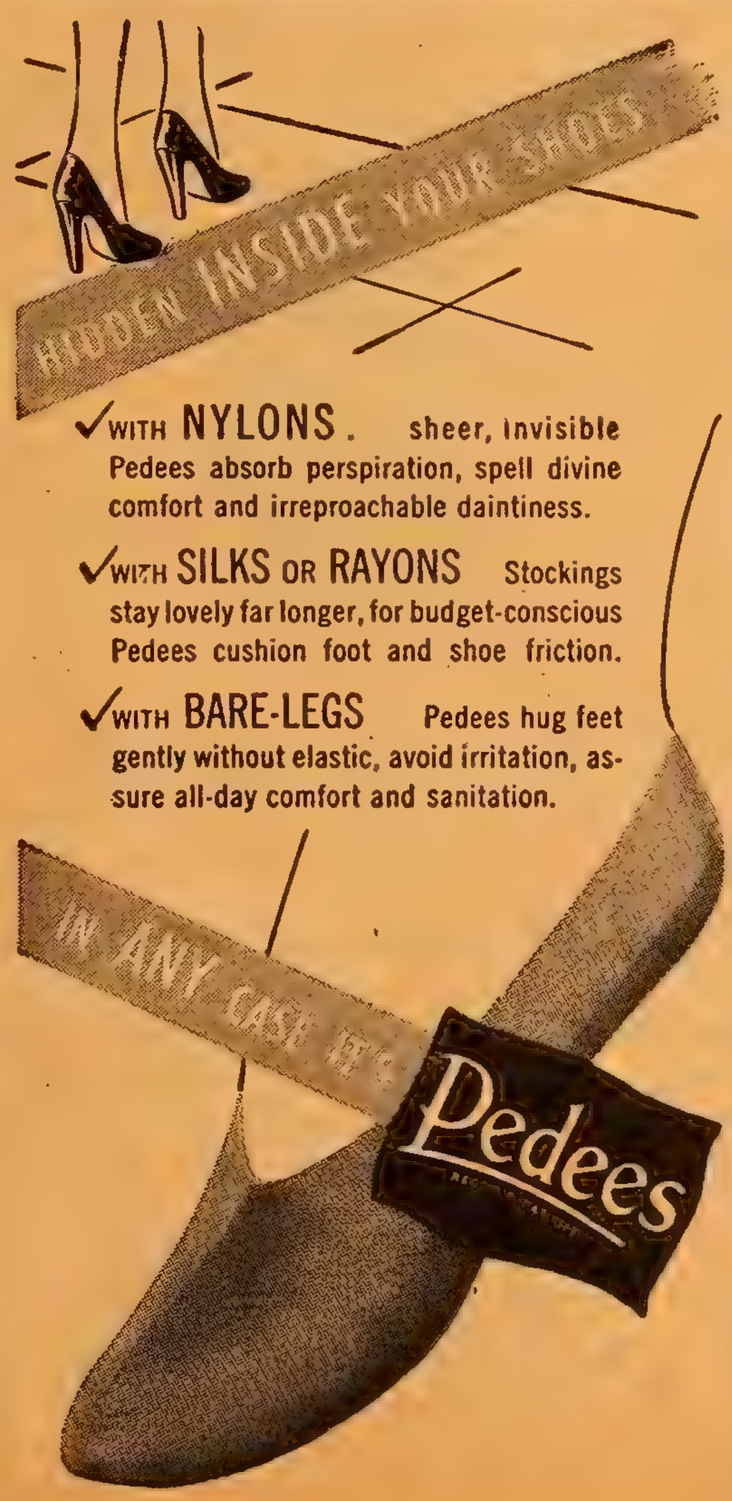
Count Basie has postponed his contemplated European tour because of present economic conditions on the continent. Instead, he and his band will play in key cities here.

* * *

A young bandsman, Jimmy Zito, made the marital plunge of the month when he wed his childhood sweetheart, screen star June Haver.

* * *

Johnny Johnston and Kathryn Grayson have done everything but set the date when they march down the aisle. The two MGM singing stars have just finished a personal appearance tour together.



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Don Ameche and Frances Langford may do a movie based on the successful "Mr. and Mrs." couple they do on NBC.

* * *

Harry James and his wife, Betty Grable, have gone to the courts in an effort to get back their $105,000 paid for a string of race horses that the couple claim have trouble beating turtles to the finish line. Harry's next film will be Jimmy Stewart's "A Miracle Can Happen."

* * *

The band business is still in the doldrums with both Charlie Spivak and Claude Thornhill giving their musicians enforced vacations.

* * *

Johnny Long's newest Signature release, "Last Night On the Back Porch" banned by networks because of "too suggestive lyrics."

* * *

A biography of Frank Sinatra entitled "The Voice: An American Phenomenon" is due on the bookstalls any moment.

* * *

George Auld may retire from the band business and open a music and record shop in Los Angeles.

* * *

Nick Kenny's new music company, called The Goldmine, is proud publisher of the popular rhythm ballad "Do You Love Me Just As Much As Ever." Nick, his brother, and Bob Hope are in the Goldmine together.

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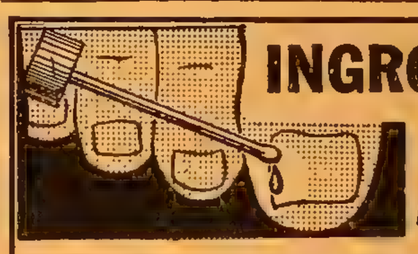

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Something Old— Something New

(*Continued from page* 23)

—and nowadays, with divorce rates climbing alarmingly, it seems that too often it's the beginning of a story that's going to end badly.

I suppose every bride, no matter how much in love with her groom she is, no matter how high her hopes for a successful and happy marriage, can't help feeling a twinge of fear as her wedding day approaches. She reads of divorces in the newspaper, she hears of friends who are either divorced or unhappy in their marriages, and she wonders secretly, "Will I be one of those women, five or ten years from now? Will my husband and I succeed where so many others have failed? *Will we be happy?"*

The fairy-tale symbols surround her —the wedding festivities, the laughter and good wishes, the solemn, prayerful moment in the church when she and the man of her choice are united—but these are, after all, only symbols. They can't guarantee happiness. And the bride of today knows this, and longs to find a way of turning the symbols into reality.

CAROLYN HALE was that kind of a bride. Her own parents had been divorced when she was sixteen, and even before that they had stayed together only for her sake. She loved them both, and could never understand why their marriage had failed, and this lack of understanding planted a dread of marriage in her own heart. She fought against falling in love with Don, and when he first proposed she refused him. But Don wasn't easily discouraged, and on the sixth proposal Carolyn broke down and agreed to marry him.

"Only," she said while he held her close, "it frightens me . . . The thought that we may not always love each other like this—that we may quarrel and be unhappy, or begin to take each other for granted. I don't know which is worse, really." She turned and buried her face against his shoulder. "Oh, I think I'd rather not marry you at all, than to have our marriage turn out to be a failure!"

"How can it be a failure?" Don asked. "We love each other. I've got a good job. You like to cook and take care of a house. Those are the important things."

"Yes, they're important," Carolyn agreed. "But everything in marriage is important. Even little things are important, just the little things of everyday living—whether or not you're cheerful before breakfast—"

"I am," Donald said quickly.

"Well, I'm not," Carolyn answered. "You see? And one of us is going to have to change."

Donald promised, "I'll be as gloomy before breakfast as you could possibly desire." But although he joked, he understood Carolyn's fears. He was as anxious as she to have their marriage succeed, and he knew as well as she did how many marriages failed. "Look," he said, "let's not just stumble ahead hoping for the best and prepared for the worst. Let's be scientific. Suppose we draw up a list of marriage hazards ahead of time, and see if we can't find some way of avoiding each of them."

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Carolyn looked at him dubiously. "Do you think that's possible?" she asked.

"Well, we're both intelligent, grown-up people, and we want our marriage to be perfect. It seems to me," Don declared, "that we could get together and figure out a way of *making* it perfect."

"Oh, I'd like to try!" Carolyn said. "I *would* like to try!"

The list they finally drew up covered, it seemed to them, every possible difficulty that their marriage could encounter. It began with *Differences of Opinion.* "We can't always think alike," Don said. "But if we see that we're headed for an argument, an argument about anything at all, we'll stop arguing before we reach the quarreling stage. Instead of talking any more, we'll stop and kiss each other, and that will give us both time to realize that being in love is more important than winning an argument."

NEXT came a tentative budget, to avoid disagreements about money, with an understanding that it could be revised if necessary after they were married and had set up housekeeping. It was Don's idea that both Carolyn and he should have a weekly allowance, money which each could spend without interference or questions from the other.

"And something else that's very important," Carolyn said. "If I should do something you don't like—oh, for instance, if I get a dress you think is unbecoming, or if I say something that rubs you the wrong way—then you must tell me, and we'll talk it over sensibly and I'll take the dress back or remember not to say such a thing again. And the same principle will apply to you. If I have a criticism I'll tell you, very frankly, and you mustn't be angry."

Don promised that he wouldn't.

They were lucky, they agreed, regarding in-laws. Don liked Carolyn's mother, who wasn't at all the interfering type anyway, and his own parents lived in another city, far enough away so they could be visited only on special, gala occasions like Christmas or Thanksgiving. They were lucky, too, in liking the same friends, the same amusements and relaxations. "If you weren't the kind of girl I could take on camping trips," Don said approvingly, "I wouldn't have fallen in love with you in the first place."

And so—as the fairy-tales would have said—they were married. In June, on a day made for weddings; and Carolyn was a radiantly happy, radiantly beautiful bride.

They were very much in love. Seeing them, in that first year of marriage, you couldn't doubt that. When they looked at each other there was always a warm, smiling intimacy in their eyes that spoke eloquently of shared joys. It didn't seem to matter to them whether they were surrounded by people or alone in their rented bungalow—alone or in company they were surrounded by the kind of togetherness for which love is only another name.

Carolyn threw herself with enthusiasm into the job of being a housewife. She spent hours trudging from store to store in order to find just the right kind of material for the drapes on the living room window. She found out just what things Don liked to eat and what things he didn't care for, and shunned the latter as if they were poison. She swept and scrubbed and

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dusted, and kept the house shining.

It was Carolyn's housekeeping zeal, in fact, that led to their first—not quarrel, but discussion.

Don was looking for a magazine which contained a story he'd started to read and never finished. He looked in the rack at the end of the chesterfield couch and on the bedside table and in the book-shelves, and finally he asked Carolyn what had become of it. "Oh," she said, "the man was here collecting paper yesterday, and I cleaned out the old magazines and gave them to him. I expect that's where it went."

"But it wasn't an old magazine, Carolyn—not more than a month old, anyway. And I wanted to finish that story in it."

"You should have told me," Carolyn said. "A month is long enough to keep any magazine lying around the house, Don. I just *hate* to see them pile up—they look so awful."

Don sat down. "Look, honey," he said. "You know we agreed to talk things over frankly, before we were married. Well, maybe I should have mentioned this sooner. But anyway—don't you think there's such a thing as being too neat and tidy?"

"No, I don't." Carolyn was amazed. "I always thought you appreciated having the house look nice."

"I DO appreciate it, but I don't appreciate having things whisked away before I'm through with them. It's not only the magazine. If I leave a bill or an insurance notice on the mantelpiece, the next time I look for it, it isn't there any more, or if I leave a package of cigarettes on the coffee table inside of five minutes it's been tucked away into a drawer somewhere, or—"

"Or if you leave a soiled shirt on the chair in the bedroom," Carolyn said coldly, "it's been put into the laundry hamper, where it should have gone in the first place. Maybe I should have mentioned *this* sooner, too—but the truth is, Don, you're terribly untidy. I'm always picking up after you, and I don't mind doing it, but I *do* mind being criticized for it."

"Wait a minute," Don reminded her. "We weren't going to object to criticism—remember?" He was smiling, but it looked as if the smile were an effort.

"Fair criticism," Carolyn said, "but this isn't fair! Really, Don, if you knew how much time I spend straightening up things that you've left lying around—"

"I have a pretty good idea. I've seen you at it often enough, because you don't always wait until I'm out of the house."

"I don't see why I *should* wait."

Don opened his mouth to retort, and closed it again. He took Carolyn's hands and pulled her toward him, kissed her. "That was something else we decided to do," he said after a moment, "whenever we began having an argument."

"I know," Carolyn said humbly. "And I'm sorry I gave away your magazine."

"It's all right. I'll try not to throw things around so much, from now on."

And he did try, but sometimes Carolyn's passion for perfect neatness made him feel as if he were living in a museum, where nothing must ever be out of place, even for a moment. She arranged a drawer in the desk where he was supposed to put his bills and papers that he wanted to save, and

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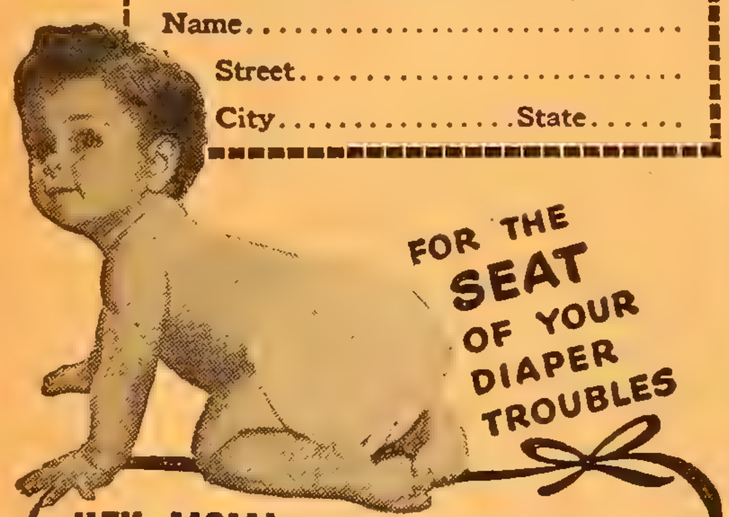

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usually he remembered to look there first when he needed one of them. It was a small matter, he told himself, not worth bothering about one way or the other—but then, as Carolyn had said before their marriage, the small matters were important too.

Gradually, he reverted to bachelor habits of scattering wearing apparel and personal effects in places where they didn't belong. When this happened Carolyn could feel irritation scratching at her nerves. It wasn't as if he hadn't been told about it—he knew she liked to have the house tidy, and surely he could help to the extent of putting away his own things. He didn't realize how very lucky he was to have a wife who took pride in her home—and one who never asked him to help her do anything, either. Actually, she thought, Don never lifted a finger around the house, never dried a dish or squeezed the juice from an orange. Not that she expected him to, because taking care of the home was her job, but still—

BUT still, housework never ended. As soon as you cleaned them, things started getting dirty once more. That was the trouble, that was why it was so discouraging. Once Carolyn had thought that she would enjoy being the mistress of her own home—and she *did* enjoy it, she reminded herself hastily, but the repetition of the same task, day after day, was bound to become boring. And Don didn't seem to realize it, didn't think of helping, took everything for granted.

One day she spent the whole morning on her hands and knees, waxing the hardwood floors—and that afternoon it rained and Don, coming home, tracked mud down the hallway.

Carolyn had been coming from the kitchen to meet him, but at sight of the mud she stopped and cried in vexation, "Oh, Don—look what you've done! *Why* can't you be more careful?"

Don turned and looked at the floor, and then he shrugged. "It's raining out," he said reasonably. "What am I supposed to do—take off my shoes before I come in, like a Japanese?"

"I slaved over these floors," Carolyn mourned. "And now just look at them! Sometimes, Don, I—" She clamped her lips down over the unfinished sentence, fetched a mop, and began removing the stains. Then, with wax and polishing cloths, she went down on her hands and knees again.

"Wouldn't it be a lot more sensible," Don asked, "to wait until it's stopped raining before you do that?"

Carolyn didn't answer. Don watched her for a moment before he turned irritably and went into the living room.

Neither of them mentioned the incident again, but afterwards Don stopped entirely trying to be neat around the house. It was childish, and he knew it was childish, but he said to himself that since there was no hope of appeasing Carolyn's mania for cleanliness he wouldn't even try. He flipped ashes in the general direction of ash-trays, not caring when they fell on the rug; he left books and magazines lying around on chairs; and he never hung up any piece of clothing. The whole thing was silly, he thought—Carolyn just attached too much importance to keeping the house neat, and if he made it plain that he didn't intend to pamper her the chances were that eventually she'd get over it.

But Carolyn didn't get over it. She watched Don's carelessness and her anger at him grew. At first she didn't

realize that he was doing it deliberately, and she used to say, "Don, you left your jacket hanging on the closet door-knob—you ought to put it away," or, "Won't you *please* hang the hand-towel back on its rail straight after you've finished with it?" Don would glance up, mumble something, and continued with whatever he happened to be doing at the moment, and an hour later the jacket would still be on the door-knob or the towel drooping crazily from the edge of the basin. "I won't touch them," Carolyn would think. "I'll wait and wait and wait until he does it himself." She never did wait, though; she always ended by succumbing to the knowledge that Don didn't really care if his jacket hung there forever or if the towel slipped off onto the floor.

To anyone on the outside it must sound terribly foolish of them both. It *was* terribly foolish. But they could not see that—not then, blinded as they were by their own stubbornness and wounded pride. They loved each other, and that was precisely why something so small could matter so much. It was why the sweetness of their marriage was gradually turning bitter.

ONE night the resentment of days exploded into an open quarrel. They had spent the evening quietly at home, reading and listening to the radio. It was an evening like any other. Just before bedtime, Don said he was hungry, and Carolyn answered, "There's some cake you can have, and a glass of milk." He went into the kitchen, returning with the cake in one hand and the milk in the other. As he walked back to his chair he lifted the cake and took a bite. Crumbs fell to the floor; Carolyn saw them fall, but she said nothing. Sitting down, Don put the milk on the table beside his chair and picked up the book he'd been reading. Somehow his elbow touched the glass and it toppled, the milk cascading onto the rug.

Carolyn leaped to her feet. "Don, watch *out!*" she screamed. "Oh, you clumsy idiot—why can't you be more *careful!*" Almost crying, she ran for a cloth, threw herself down and started mopping futilely at the milky puddle.

Don stood over her, the piece of cake still in his hand. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Carolyn," he said, this time sincerely contrite. "I don't know how it happened—" He moved his hand, and a piece of cake detached itself from the large section, and fell.

Carolyn threw the cloth down, hard. "I've had enough of this," she said, her pretty face looking pinched and white. "Don Hale, you are a pig. A sloppy, dirty pig. All you do is see how much work you can make for me. And you do it on purpose, just to spite me. You know I like to keep things nice, so you deliberately go out of your way to make a mess."

Don flushed. "Sure, I spilled the milk on purpose," he said. "I didn't really want to drink it at all, I just brought it in here so I could throw it on the floor. Don't talk like a silly little fool."

Carolyn ignored him. She stood up, leaving the sodden cloth on the floor. "I've watched you," she said. "When we were first married you at least made an effort to be neat, but ever since you discovered that untidiness annoyed me you've been unbearable."

"And would you like to know why?" Don demanded. "Just because I got sick and tired of being nagged all the time—and nagged about something that

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doesn't amount to one single thing! What difference does it make if everything in the house isn't always in the place it's supposed to be? This is a home—or it *should* be a home, even if it isn't—not a display window in a furniture store. If I want to track in mud I'll darn well do it—it's my house, I'm paying the bills for it—"

"You may pay the bills," Carolyn said, "but I'm the one that has to do the work of keeping it clean. *You* never help. You never lift a finger to make things easier for me, all you do is loll around, leaving stuff for me to pick up after you, spilling milk and throwing pieces of cake onto the floor for me to clean up! But I'm not going to clean it up any longer. I'm through—finished! Since it's your house, as you so thoughtfully reminded me, you can live in it all alone, and turn it into a pig-sty if you want to. So there!"

She snatched the remaining cake from his hand, threw it on the rug, and stepped on it. She started to run past him, toward the bedroom, but Don seized her arm and held her.

"So you'd run out on me," he said, his eyes blazing. "You want to quit, the minute things get a little bit tough. Fine! Swell! No wonder you were afraid of getting married—no wonder you thought we mightn't make a success of it—if you're this easily licked. All over a little bit of milk spilled on the floor! For Pete's sake, Carolyn, grow up!"

Carolyn didn't try to pull away. Tears streaming down her face, she said, "It's—it's not just the spilled milk—and you know it isn't. We were going to have a—a perfect marriage—and it hasn't been perfect at all. For the last few months it's been—just awful. You don't seem to realize that if I try to keep the house nice, it's only because I—I love you, and want you to have a pleasant place to live, so you'll be h-happy!"

Gently, beginning to be ashamed of his anger, he pulled her closer, feeling the dampness of her tears come through his shirt onto his chest. With one hand, he stroked her hair.

"Honey," he said hesitantly after a while, "maybe we made our big mistake when we decided our marriage had to be perfect. Maybe that's the trouble."

She raised her head, looking at him with puzzled, tear-filled eyes. "I don't see—"

"We were aiming too high, with our lists of marriage hazards and stuff," Don said. "We were trying to solve every little problem ahead of time, so that life together would be just one sweet song—perfect. But nobody can do that—nobody can have a perfect marriage, because there aren't two perfect people in the world. And lists and agreements don't mean a thing, because when you get mad enough, you forget 'em—like we did."

"Yes, but—"

"No, wait." Don wrinkled his forehead in an effort to find words for exactly what he wanted to say. "You wanted to think I was perfect, and I wanted to think *you* were. That's why our imperfections—my untidiness and your fussiness—got to be so important, until we began to fight over them. But if we'll just learn to take each other as we are—why then, maybe in time I'll remember to hang up my clothes when I take 'em off, and it won't bother you too much if I don't. You see?"

Carolyn nodded, in slow comprehension. "You mean—we shouldn't ask for too much—expect too much?"

"No, because if we do we forget how much we already have. I was so sore because you insisted on being neat that I began forgetting all the things about you that I love. Your little hands," Don said, kissing them, "and your lips—"

It's a long time since the June that Don and Carolyn were married—eleven years, in fact. They are still married today, and they have two adorable children. They've had their quarrels, quite a few of them, but their marriage is safe, solid, secure. They know now what Henry and I could have told them, except that it's something you apparently have to learn for yourself—that the dream of perfect, never-ending romance had best remain only a dream. Romance—the quality of fairy-tales—is precious in marriage; but if you own a precious jewel you don't wear it twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days every year. You save it for rare occasions. It's the same way with the perfect moments of marriage. They are only moments, and they *should be* only moments, each shining with an undimmed brilliance, shedding its light over the other times, the ordinary times when a man and his woman are human and fallible. And if they are bright enough, these perfect moments, even the ordinary times are beautiful.

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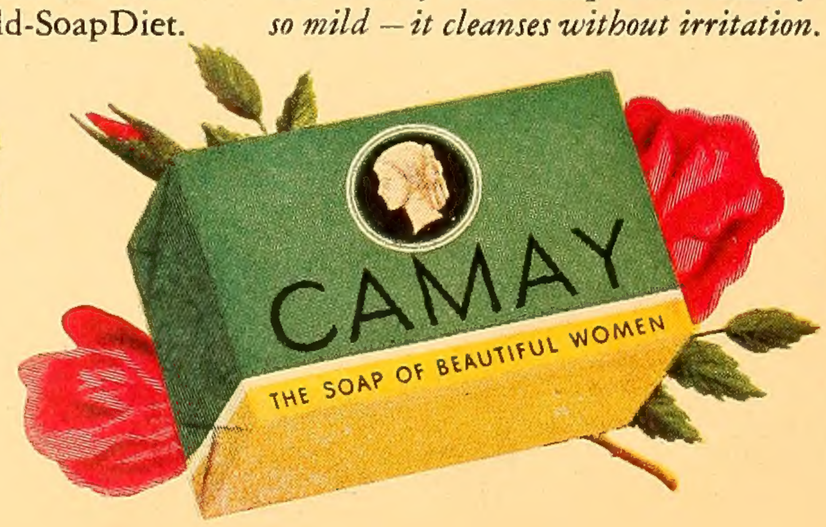
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